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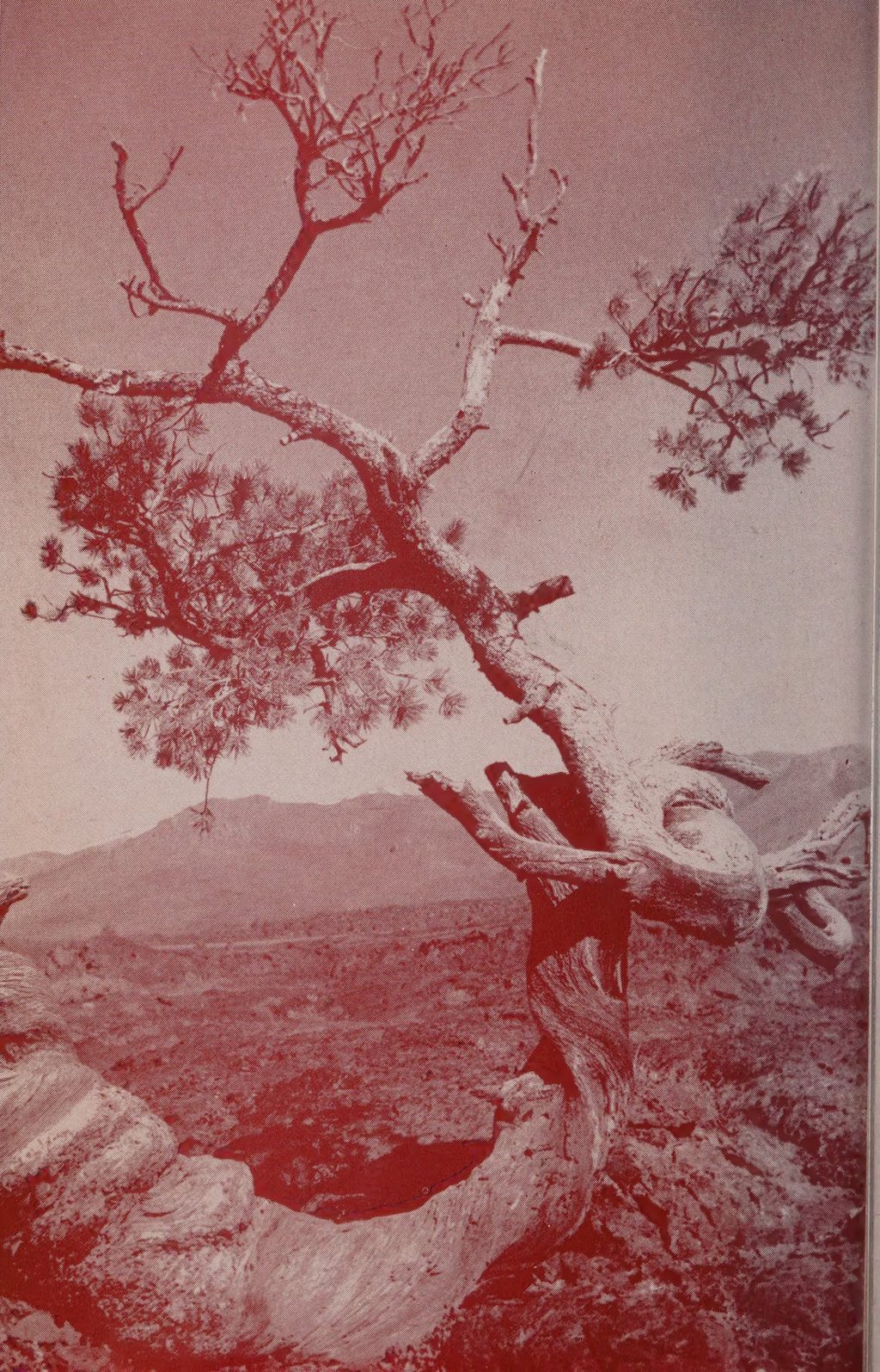

Kindness

Jane B. Wunderlich

Like the gentle gift of shade where strong trees grow,
Whose pliant green deflects gold-pinioned heat,
Whose branching promise beckons dusty feet,
And punctuates their wayworn come and go;
Or, like the firelight's all-inclusive glow,
Whose welcome conquers wind-wild cold and sleet,
Whose cordial hearth enfolds to snug retreat,
And beautifies the silent drift of snow;
So a brief beneficence may fall,
May nourish roots, deep in arid need,
Releasing tenderness concealed in seed
To lift its valiant foliage over all,
And bloom in thumb-frayed memories, half hidden,
Spilling fragrance everywhere — unbidden.

The Cover: Parana Pines, Brazil, Photograph by Asael T. Sorensen

Frontispiece: Lonely Vista in Craters of the Moon National Monument, Idaho
Photograph by Willard Luce

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

As the year is soon coming to a close, I want to thank you for the lovely *Magazine* for 1955, with a wish for continued success in 1956.

—Margaret A. Anderson
Richmond, Utah

I have found so much enjoyment in *The Relief Society Magazine* every month since I have been receiving it. I read it from cover to cover, and I am so thankful to my good daughter-in-law, Mrs. Laura Huffman, El Paso, Texas, for sending it to me for my birthday.

—Mrs. Alva Huffman
Hotchkiss, Colorado

Although the *Magazine* is a woman's book, I wish to congratulate you on its splendid contents. Whenever I have a spare moment and there is a *Relief Society Magazine* near, I relax and read it and enjoy the wonderful stories. I have never been disappointed in them.

—Elder J. Elliott
St. Michaels, Arizona

I wish to express my appreciation for *The Relief Society Magazine*. We have enjoyed reading it each month from cover to cover. When I read the From Near and Far messages, it is very interesting to know what the *Magazine* means to everyone. It is a *Magazine* with perfect reading material for every L. D. S. family, and for all non-members, as well. The *Magazine* has been a long-time reading companion in my home, as I joined the Relief Society about 1930. I have enjoyed the faith-promoting stories, the inspiring editorials, and the lessons have been an everyday education in rearing my children.

—Ruth Marriott
Roberts, Idaho

I do enjoy the *Magazine* very much—the stories, poems, and lesson material. Sometimes it seems that the *Magazine* is a direct answer to my problems. It gives me so much to think about when I am doing the housework or driving the tractor.

—Mrs. Mildred Jensen Johnson
Rexburg, Idaho

We three (Mrs. Joan Cannon, Mrs. Mary Glidwell, and Mrs. Lillie Newton) are the membership of our Relief Society. We have our lesson each Tuesday, and occasionally we enjoy a visitor. We enjoy such a sweet spirit in our meetings. Sister Cannon has been a member of the Church about ten years, and my sister and I have been members thirteen and a half months. We hope this year, through our welfare work, to inspire an interest in Relief Society, as well as giving us a chance to tell people about the Church. Thank you for such a wonderful inspirational *Magazine*.

—Mrs. Lillie Newton
Milan, Missouri

The response we receive to the *Magazine* is tremendous. I just received a letter from the Rio Cuarto Relief Society requesting a copy each month, because they are sure that one of the sisters reads enough English so that she can translate the contents for the other sisters. We receive enough copies each month so that we can distribute them throughout the mission, and the sisters enjoy them very much. During every visit I make someone is sure to comment on something she has read in the *Magazine*.

—Amy Y. Valentine
President
Argentine Mission
Relief Society
Buenos Aires, Argentina

I have been taking *The Relief Society Magazine* for about a year and a half and do enjoy it very much. I can't get to Relief Society meetings, as I have to work, but I can keep up with the lessons and feel more a part of it through the *Magazine*.

—Margaret Kearney
Idaho Falls, Idaho

The Relief Society Magazine brings much joy into our home each month. I feel it is the means by which hundreds of women throughout the Church can give expression to their thoughts and talents.

—Ruth W. Heiner
Heyburn, Idaho

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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"Words to Live By"

Josie B. Bay

Member, General Board of Relief Society

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 29, 1955]

MANY times I have sat in the congregation in this building and listened to speakers from this pulpit, and many times I have thought, what a wonderful privilege to be called to speak in this great Tabernacle—never dreaming that such an experience would ever come to me. Now that the call has come, I stand before you greatly humbled, very frightened, but with great appreciation in my heart for the blessings of the Lord unto me.

From this pulpit I have heard expressed: words of wisdom; words of comfort; words of caution; words of truth and inspiration; beautiful words to live by; words which have greatly influenced my life, spoken by good and wise men and women whom the Lord has called to direct us. From their remembered teachings I am caused to reflect, how great is the power of words in the lives of persons everywhere! Anna Hempstead Branch said:

> God wove a web of loveliness,
> Of clouds, stars, and birds,
> But made not anything at all
> So beautiful as words.

The beauty and wisdom expressed in the words of the prophets, spoken from this pulpit or published for our reading pleasure, if *applied*, will not only bring happiness into our lives, but will give us strength to meet the obstacles we encounter.

To find happiness seems to be the paramount object in this life; everyone is seeking for it. A prophet of the Lord, President Heber J. Grant, in one of his written messages tells us how to achieve happiness. These are his words:

> The real secret of happiness in life and the way in which to prepare ourselves for the hereafter is service . . . .
>
> Service is the true key, I believe, to happiness . . . . When we perform any acts of kindness, they bring a feeling of satisfaction and pleasure into our hearts . . . .
>
> It is a God-given law that in proportion to the service we give . . . we shall grow in the grace of God and in the love of God, and we shall grow in accomplishing the purposes of our being placed here on the earth (*Gospel Standards*, Heber J. Grant, pp. 186-87).

How well have we remembered and applied in our lives the words of President George Albert Smith in his conference address, October 1, 1948:

> There isn't anything that enriches our lives like an understanding of the purposes of life and the ability to live the gospel of Jesus Christ. All happiness worthy of the name comes to us when we observe the teachings of our Lord and live to be worthy to be his sons and daughters . . . .
>
> I want to say that the happiest people in all the world are those who obey the counsel of our Heavenly Father.

How happy our lives will be if we listen to and live by the words of

the present-day prophet, President David O. McKay. These are but a few of his many inspirational words spoken for our guidance:

> Choosing the right with unvarying and unwavering determination, resisting temptations from within and from without, cheerfulness in the face of difficulties and experiences, reverence for God and respect for your fellow men, willingness to assist in the establishment of the kingdom of God — these, though you might miss some of the emoluments of the world, will bring peace and happiness to your soul, and through obedience to the principles and ordinances of the gospel, bring immortality and eternal life (*Gospel Ideals*, David O. McKay, page 491).

What strength there is in the words of the prophets, living words which give to us inspiration, courage, and confidence. Words that awaken within us a desire to live a better life; to extend a helping hand to those in need and to serve the Lord through keeping his commandments.

Unlimited is the inspirational power of the words of the Scriptures; they are creative and dynamic words which can change the life of everyone who reads them and *lives by them.*

Comforting indeed are the words of the Savior, recorded in Matthew:

> Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.
> Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.
> For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light (Mt. 11:28-30).

Brother Bryant S. Hinckley has said:

> These words have solaced the troubled hearts of the world and given hope and cheer to those who are heavy laden as no other words ever have done. They carry the spirit and beauty of the glorious message of the Redeemer of the world (*Not By Bread Alone*, Bryant S. Hinckley, page 34).

The words of the Scriptures are so valuable in our lives, let us read them, study them, and live by them.

Valuable, too, in building a happy life are the words of the great writers and poets — men and women who through words express the beauty and worthwhileness of life. Never shall I forget the words of Thomas Carlyle. Words taught to me when just a child. These words have stayed with me all my life and many times with the beginning of a new day I find them running through my mind:

> So here hath been dawning
> Another blue Day:
> Think, wilt thou let it
> Slip useless away?
>
> Out of Eternity
> This new Day is born.
> Into Eternity,
> At night, will return.
>
> Behold it afore time
> No eye ever did:
> So soon it for-ever
> From all eyes is hid.
>
> Here hath been dawning
> Another blue Day:
> Think, wilt thou let it
> Slip useless away?

These words help us to realize more fully the value of time and the need to make the most of each precious moment. It was Benjamin Franklin who said:

> Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time for that is the stuff life is made of.

In closing, may I remind you of

the words of Alma, words which we have all read and loved when reading The Book of Mormon. Truly words to live by:

> And now I would that ye should be humble, and be submissive and gentle; easy to be entreated; full of patience and long-suffering; being temperate in all things; being diligent in keeping the commandments of God at all times; asking for whatsoever things ye stand in need, both spiritual and temporal; always returning thanks unto God for whatsoever things ye do receive.
>
> And see that ye have faith, hope, and charity, and then ye will always abound in good works (Alma 7:23-24).

May the Lord grant unto us strength to live by his word, and may there be reflected in us the beauty and truth which we gain by applying all things good into our lives.

Contemplation

Evelyn Fjeldsted

How good life seems to be — how swift
Is measured time when one must leave
The things one cares so deeply for.
How quietly the hours weave
The warp and weft of earthly scenes—
Memories, renditions of the past;
And swifter than the weaver's shuttle were
The endless dramas that were cast.
How strangely old familiar paths
Loom in silent unreality,
How kindly is the night's intent
To hide a sorrow's clarity.

In earth's harbor one would ever stay
Where thought is anchored to the known.
Like ships adrift, those who embark
Must sail the unexplored alone.
But once to live, is this not proof
That everything — that even hope
Can live again? Believing this,
One sees beyond the present scope.
A new life is revealed when seas are crossed
And reassurance brings repose.
The stillness of the deepening night
Brings contemplation to a close,
And this is gained — this new-found thought—
That death may give what life could not.

Third Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

Room for Nancy

Edith Larson

ADDING her "Amen" to the others, Mary raised her head and looked around the breakfast table. Usually it warmed her heart to see her family together.

Richard, with graying hair making him more distinguished looking than ever, was turning his attention to his bacon and eggs. Susan was dressed for her office job, and the twins Joy and Jay wore the garb of the high school crowd. Seven-year-old Dickie was scrubbed and shining as far as his ears, but his hair stood on end, bed-tousled, and his neck and arms still bore the dirt of last night's play.

Only Nancy was missing, and she might arrive with baby Larry any minute now. Arrive, expecting a welcome that wasn't there. Mary's heart twisted at the thought.

"Have you moved your things back into Joy's room?" she asked Susan.

"Yes, Mother," Susan answered without raising her eyes.

Mary suppressed a sigh. It was only natural that Susan should be reluctant to give up the room that had been hers for just one short year.

"My room?" Joy exclaimed, making no effort to hide her bitterness. "When Susan and I bunked together before, it was Susan's room."

"This is only temporary, dear," Mary assured her.

EDITH LARSON

"Two years doesn't sound very temporary to me," Joy muttered.

"Joy, that will do," her father said in the tone all of the children respected.

Yet Mary knew that even he was not happy about Nancy's return. He would welcome her, of course; but just last night, in the privacy of their bedroom, he had spoken wistfully of that extra bedroom they had never been able to afford. And he had mentioned Nancy's scornful attitude toward young couples who went home to the folks at the first crisis in their marriage.

Mary had pointed out to Richard that this was hardly the type of

crisis Nancy had meant. Her husband Lowell was going on a mission. Both families wanted him to go, but it would be impractical to finance him and keep up a separate home for Nancy and the baby. Having Nancy rent their little house and bring the baby home was the obvious solution.

It had seemed such a natural solution to Mary that she still could not understand the attitude of the other children. How would Nancy feel when she sensed their reluctance to make room for her? Sensitive Nancy, who was so quick to freeze up on the inside at the least slight.

Inwardly Mary was seething—and hurt. How little one actually knew one's own children! She had always believed that she was rearing hers to face facts and make right decisions. Where had she failed?

"Two years is a lifetime," Susan dropped into the silence.

Poor Susan, thought Mary. She had more excuse than the others. Since Bert had convinced her that they should wait until his Navy enlistment was over before being married, time had stood still for Susan. Having Nancy here with her baby would make waiting all the harder. Susan's hunger for children of her own was a constant ache in Mary's heart, but still she wished that Susan could see Nancy's problem as clearly as her own.

"HAVING Nancy here with the baby will make the time go faster for you," Richard suggested.

"Oh, I'm sure it will be nice to have Nancy home, but I'm not looking forward to seeing her enjoy a baby when I can't have one myself."

"Who's going to enjoy a little monster?" Dickie asked.

"Dickie!" exclaimed his mother. "Your little nephew Larry is not a monster, and I don't want to hear you call him that again."

"All babies are monsters," Dickie asserted.

"Where did you get that idea, son?" Richard asked.

"That's what Billy calls their baby all the time. And he's disgusted because his mother is going to have another little monster almost any day now." Dickie paused in his task of spooning oatmeal just long enough to explode this bombshell.

Mary and Richard exchanged glances. When a non-Church family from the East moved in next door, they had encouraged Dickie to be friendly with the little boy his age. Now they often wondered if Dickie's training was secure enough to withstand the influence Billy seemed to have on his thinking.

"Don't let Nancy hear you talk like that, Dickie," Mary warned. "Besides, you'll change your mind when you see Larry."

Though she spoke confidently, Mary wondered. Dickie had been the baby so long. How would he react when another little boy became the center of attention?

"It's hard enough for me to concentrate when all that wailing gets started next door," Jay put in, "without having it on both sides of me."

Oh, Jay, Mary thought, not you, too. I was so sure I could depend on my quiet, studious one, at least.

"Nancy wrote that Larry is teeth-

ing, so you can depend on plenty of sound effects," Joy assured him.

"Oh, I'm counting on it with the greatest of joy. If a few minor wails creep into my chemical formulas, I'm sure Mr. Chapman will understand."

Mr. Chapman had taught enough years to understand almost anything, Mary knew. She wondered if he could help her understand the heavy sarcasm Jay considered a necessary form of speech. He had never used it before he started running around with the pre-engineering crowd.

"Your mother and I put up with enough wailing from you, son," Richard told him. "I guess it won't hurt you to hear a little from Larry."

"Yoohoo! Are you still at breakfast?"

"Nancy!" Mary was on her feet and started toward the door when Nancy herself appeared with Larry on her arm.

"Hi, family. You sure look good. Anything left to eat?"

She was the same old Nancy, but oh, so thin and tired-looking behind the smile. Mary took the baby, while Susan and Joy hurried to set a place for the newcomer.

"We rather looked for you last night," Richard told his oldest daughter. "In fact, your mother worried a bit."

"I'm sorry. As you can see by my early arrival, I wasn't too far away. But I just didn't have what it takes to drive the rest of the way last night. If it won't put you out too much, I'd like to stay and rest up a bit before going on."

"Before going on!" The entire family joined in the exclamation.

Nancy looked around the table. "Didn't you understand? You surely didn't think I meant to come here, did you? But that would crowd Susan out of her room. And Mother is so busy."

"Then where are you going?" Richard voiced the question on the tip of every tongue.

"Down to Newton, to Lowell's folks. Mother, didn't I write you that Lowell thought I ought to go home to the folks?"

"Yes, of course you did. I just can't get used to the idea that one of my children has two sets of folks. I took it for granted you meant to come here."

Tears glistened in Nancy's eyes. "And you've shifted around and tried to make room for us! I know you have! Oh, you dear, darling people, you don't know how I love you!"

"The shifting is all done, Nancy. You and Larry are welcome to stay here." But it was only Richard who spoke the right words.

Mary looked around at the faces of her children and in none could she find an endorsement of Richard's invitation. She was glad Nancy's sight was blurred by tears.

"I know we are welcome, Dad, but going to Lowell's folks is really more practical. His father and mother are alone in that big house. There will be plenty of room so that Larry and I can keep out from underfoot. He's teething and he really gets cross sometimes. He would disturb everyone here."

"But you are staying a few days, aren't you?" Susan asked as she

pushed back her chair. "I must be off to work or I'll be late, but I want to be sure you'll still be here when I get home tonight."

"We'll be here," Nancy assured her.

The next half hour was full of the usual bustle of getting the family off to work and school. Then there was Larry to bathe and put to bed for his morning nap. Mother and daughter worked together, happy in each other's company. But when the baby finally fell asleep, Mary insisted that Nancy just sit.

"These are the only dishes I ever do myself and I'm used to doing them alone. Besides, you look all in, dear. I'd worry more about your helping than your help is worth."

NANCY sank gratefully onto the cushions in the breakfast nook. "I *am* tired," she admitted. "Larry kept me awake most of the night."

"I'm surprised that Lowell let you drive through with the baby. Four hundred miles! It's too much for a young girl."

Nancy smiled. "This is once you can't blame Lowell, Mother. You will have to blame your pig-headed daughter. He didn't want me to drive home, but it was the only way I could have the car. Somehow, just having the car makes me feel less tied down."

"At least you can get up here often. It's only forty miles. That will be a lot closer than you have been."

"That's what I thought, too, Mother. It's—it's the only thought that makes living with Lowell's folks bearable."

"Nancy!"

"I don't mean that as a criticism of his father and mother. They've always been very good to me, and they really want me to stay there. But, oh, Mother — just think! They've never had a baby in the house since Lowell himself was little. It's always so quiet there. Not a bit like home."

"I understand." Mary turned abruptly to her dishes. If she took one more look at Nancy's tear-brimmed eyes she would do what she knew she must not do. She would take matters into her own hands regardless of how the other children felt.

But did she have the right, since there really was a more convenient place for Nancy to stay? And besides, would Nancy herself remain when she found out how her brothers and sisters felt? No, it was better to leave well enough alone. But it hurt.

"There's just one thing, Mother. You remember how I always said I'd never bring my children home for grandma to take care of. Well, I guess I'm going to have to take it back. I'd feel better about Larry, if you took him while I'm in the hospital"

"Hospital!"

"Don't look at me so frightened, Mother. I thought you might have guessed why we gave up our house. Lowell has worried ever since we were sure Larry would be having a little brother or sister while his daddy was on his mission. He gave me no rest until I promised to stay with the folks. At least, I will be fully occupied while he is away. I won't have time to miss him so much."

By the time Nancy finished

speaking, Mary had recovered from her shock. She crossed the kitchen hurriedly to draw her eldest into her arms. Only then did Nancy break down, revealing by her heartbreaking sobs the fear and loneliness to which her words so bravely gave the lie.

Mary held her daughter to her tightly and struggled with herself. Surely she had the right to keep Nancy here where she belonged! Here, surrounded by her happy, noisy family she would have no fear and, perhaps, she would lose some of her loneliness.

But would she want to stay? When she found out that her welcome was not wholehearted, how would she feel toward her brothers and sisters?

IN the end, Mary kept still. Yet, throughout the day, the desire to speak grew stronger as she saw how difficult it was for Nancy to handle fretful little Larry in her present condition. There were so many ways in which Mary knew she could ease Nancy's burden, without openly intruding on her independence. Would Lowell's mother see them and make use of them? Probably not. She hardly knew Nancy well enough to see past that self-sufficient exterior.

During the afternoon Mary had a little time to herself. Larry was again sleeping fitfully and Nancy had finally dropped off to sleep, too. Mary used the time to try to reach a decision. Should she try to influence the children or not? To do so was against all her beliefs. She had taught so earnestly that a child who has been brought up under the right ideals can and should be trusted to make his own decisions.

Again and again she asked herself the same question: Where have I failed that my children cannot see Nancy's great need as clearly as I can? If they cannot see for themselves that Nancy and Larry are our responsibility, what could I say that would open their eyes?

Silently she prayed that she might have the patience to force no unwilling decisions.

"Asleep, Mother?" It was Jay at her door asking softly in order not to waken her if she were asleep. At her response, he came and sat awkwardly on the side of the bed. "Joy stayed for hockey practice, Mom, but we had a little talk at noon. We wondered if we weren't being selfish. It would mean a lot to Nancy to be home here with you. Don't you think she ought to stay here?"

"Yes, I do, son. But what about your studying?"

"I was just talking to hear myself, I guess. Lots of the fellows beef about noise when they want to study, but honestly, when I start to concentrate, the house could fall down and I'd never hear it."

Mary smiled. "You certainly never hear me when I call you. But what about Joy? She has been so happy having a room to herself."

"Well, I have to share my room with Dickie. This way we'll be on even terms again. She wants it that way, honestly, Mom."

"Susan is the one most affected," Mary reminded him. "Quite apart from giving up her room, she wouldn't find it easy to watch Nancy with little Larry, knowing

that it will be another three years before she can think of having children of her own."

"I know, but Joy and I wanted you to know how we feel. It just doesn't seem right for Nancy to give up Lowell for two years and not have her family try to take his place."

"I'm glad you feel that way, son. We'll see."

A whoop from downstairs brought Mary to her feet in a hurry. "Dickie will wake Larry and Nancy," she called back as she hurried out of the room.

SURE enough, Larry was awake, but Nancy still slept the sleep of exhaustion. Mary quietly picked the baby up and went downstairs. Dickie lay on the floor watching television.

"Here you are, Dickie," she said pleasantly, setting Larry on the floor beside him. "You woke him up, so you get to take care of him. I have to start dinner. Try to be quiet. Nancy is having a much-needed nap."

She almost relented at the dismayed look Dickie gave her, but her choice was between Jay who was undoubtedly studying by this time, and Dickie who never had any home work.

She went to the kitchen and forced her attention to the task at hand. She felt much better since talking to Jay. Outside influences were at work on him, but they were not undermining the training he had received at home, as she had feared.

But Susan's problem was different. Mary's heart had been wrung over and over again as she was forced to stand by and watch Susan struggle with the loneliness and frustration of her long separation.

Dinner was almost ready when she heard Richard and Susan come in. Richard joined Dickie and the baby in the living room, but Mary heard Susan go upstairs.

"Mother."

Mary turned. It was Susan — a frowning, worried Susan standing in the doorway. "Mother, would you very much mind if I asked Nancy to stay here and share a room with me?"

"Mind?" No, I'd be happy to have her. But you . . . ."

"Oh, Mother, I'm so glad. I'm sure she will stay if you ask her, too. I've been worried sick all day. She looks so ill, but I kept thinking how much work it would mean for you. I'll help all I can, but you're the one who will have the real burden and you do so much for all of us already."

"Having Nancy here would never seem like a burden."

"Having Nancy here would be heaven for me, Mother. I get so lonely even with my nice family for moral support. And I know Nancy is going to feel the same way. It may be a comfort to her for us to be lonely together."

"Mom! Mom!" Dickie's shrill cry brought everyone running. Richard sat on the davenport smiling at his youngest son and only grandchild on the floor in front of the forgotten television.

"Mom! Nancy! Everybody, look! I'm teaching Larry how to walk. Come on, monster. Come to Uncle."

Carefully Dickie set the baby on his feet, then backed away a step to crouch with outstretched arms. Grinning happily, little Larry reached out a pudgy hand. When it didn't quite reach far enough, he took a tentative step and promptly fell face forward into Dickie's arms.

"See, Mom," Dickie cried, looking as always to Mother for approval. "Isn't he the smartest little monster ever?"

"Dickie, you'd better watch out," Nancy spoke from behind Mary. "If you encourage him enough, you might get stuck with a baby-sitting job."

"I wouldn't mind. That old Billy can just hush his bragging now we have a little monster of our own," and Dickie snuggled the blond little head closer to him.

As Mary turned back to the kitchen, she offered a little prayer of thanks. Hers was such a wonderful family. Surely, among them, they would be able to convince Nancy she belonged at home. When she realized how much Susan needed her, Nancy would stay.

Edith Larson, Manton, Michigan, has already been represented in *The Relief Society Magazine* by a pioneer story "Strength" published in the July 1955 issue. Her story "Room for Nancy" marks her first appearance as a winner in the Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest. Altogether, Mrs. Larson has had six short stories, three plays, an article, and a poem published, most of them in national magazines.

She is a graduate of Northwestern University, where she majored in the writing arts. The health of an only daughter sent the family West in 1948. In Fountain Green, Utah, mother and daughter were converted to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. At present they hold membership in the Traverse City, Michigan, Branch, a part of the Great Lakes Mission.

She writes: "*The Relief Society Magazine* means a great deal to me, especially since the Traverse City Branch is forty miles away from my home, and Relief Society meetings there are held at a time when I cannot attend. I hope that this will not always be true, for I do miss the meetings very much. However, I have found the *Magazine* a wonderful way to keep in touch with the organization, and I look forward eagerly to each issue."

Cryptic Tokens

Eva W. Wangsgaard

I never turn a living garden clod
But something from the past is turned as well.
A broken dish, a bucket bail, can prod
A host of questions on the tale they tell.
Who was the woman who once called this home?
What was her cottage like? — the one they razed
In making room for mine. Within the loam
She left me many tokens cryptic-phrased.
I see her in the iron kettle turned
From her old well, the stones that formed its brim,
The goad her husband used when oxen churned
The trail's fine dust. She lingers, young and slim,
Beside the gate whose rusty hinge lies bent
Upon my spade. So still! So eloquent!

The Brazilian Mission

Preston R. Nibley

MISSIONARY work for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints began in Brazil in December 1927, when President Reinhold Stoof and Elder Waldo Stoddard of the South American Mission, with headquarters in Buenos Aires, journeyed northward to Brazil, "to investigate conditions for missionary work among the German colonies" in that country. The results of their investigation were favorable and, in September 1928, Elders William Heinz and Emil Schindler sailed from Buenos Aires to Joinville, Brazil, to labor among German-speaking people.

Two months after their arrival they were holding "regular meetings, Sunday Schools and Bible classes." The first baptisms in Brazil took place on April 14, 1929, when Mrs. Bertha Sell and her children, Theodore, Alice, Siegfried, and Adele were baptized and confirmed at Joinville. A branch of the Church was organized in the same city on July 6, 1930.

Asael T. Sorensen

IGUASSU FALLS ON THE PARANA RIVER, BRAZIL

Ewing Galloway

RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL

View from Pao Asucar (the Sugar Loaf), showing the city to the base of Corcovado Mountain.

A mission was established in Brazil by the First Presidency in February 1935, and Elder Rulon Howells of Salt Lake City was chosen as the president. On his arrival he established headquarters in the city of Sao Paulo. Prior to that time no missionary work had been carried on among the native Brazilian people.

President Howells presided until October 1938, when he was succeeded by John A. Bowers; President Bowers was succeeded in April 1942 by William W. Seegmiller; President Seegmiller was succeeded in May 1945 by Harold M. Rex; President Rex was succeeded in March 1949 by Rulon S. Howells; President Howells was succeeded in November 1953 by Asael T. Sorensen, who presides at the present time.

In November 1955 there were twenty-three branches of the Church in Brazil, with 1,103 members. Fifteen Relief Society organizations were reported in December 1955, with 143 members. Ida Lorene M. Sorensen is now president of the Brazilian Mission Relief Society.

How We Conduct the Family Hour in Our Home

Helen S. Gardner

[Address delivered at Logan Stake Quarterly Conference, Logan, Utah, September 4, 1955]

WE have two kinds of family hours in our home. First, the impromptu kind, when Eldon suddenly finds that his meeting has unexpectedly been canceled and he will be home; and, second, the kind that is planned in advance.

What excitement there is when Eldon comes in and says, "I'm going to be home tonight. Let's have a home evening!"

The older girls hurry and wash up the dishes, while Donald, our son, makes a fire in the fireplace, and I stir up some punch and hunt for cookies in the basement.

As we sit around the blazing fire, Eldon holds Mary Jane on his lap and reads aloud to us. Thus we have heard many chapters from the life histories of our ancestors. These were all sturdy pioneer folk, and we have learned to be more thankful for our blessings just through hearing of the hardships they went through.

Then, sometimes, I read. Already, we have covered the *Book of Mormon Stories for Children*, and two books of Bible stories for children. When the littlest children become too tired to sit still any longer, we sing some songs, play a game or two, and enjoy punch and cookies.

But the planned, anticipated, family hours are much more fun. First, we must choose a night when Eldon will be home. This has become increasingly difficult since he became bishop, and the regularity of our meetings has been upset, but we choose our time and hold to it even though he may be called out. The children look forward with such enthusiasm to family night that I am never allowed to forget it.

We have two sets of children in our family: the older group, ages eleven to fifteen, and the younger group, ages three to seven. When it is decided that a family hour will be held, they all come tumbling boisterously into the kitchen yelling, "I speak to be the refreshment committee"; "I want to be on the entertainment committee"; "I want the program."

We unscramble our committees. Each member receives his assignment. Usually, an older one and a younger one work on a committee together. The refreshment committee prefers to work secretly in order to surprise us with something unusually delicious. The entertainment committee retires to a corner to plan the games. Much whispering goes on — sometimes for days — and occasionally I am consulted for advice.

THE program committee is, of course, the most important. Material is often gathered from *The Children's Friend, The Improvement Era,* or Sunday School lesson manuals. Betty has suggested that our next program should center around the theme of "Reverence," as suggested in Primary.

We must remember to have something which will be interesting to the older group of children and appealing to the younger ones, yet not too long and tiring. Very often each member of the family is asked to participate. Prayers must be assigned. More than once I have found Alice, age five, in a corner with Mary Jane, age three, trying to teach her a little prayer. Songs and music must be decided upon. Cynthia particularly loves to lead the singing, and when she's in charge, we are practically certain that we'll be singing her favorite song, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

The musical talents of our family could be improved upon, but very often we have Patricia playing the violin while Donald plays a tune on his clarinet. And Betty can already play a melody on the piano. Then, we all love to sing. We sing Primary and Sunday School songs for the younger group and Mutual fun songs for the older group, and usually end up with "Come, Come, Ye Saints." Of course we close with prayer. These are some of the things we have done just this summer in participating on our Family Hour, beginning with the youngest child.

Mary Jane has repeated a finger play with actions that she learned in Sunday School, and has sung the song, "Jesus, Friend of Little Children," from Primary.

The littlest children are very sincere and innocent in the way they tell stories, but are sometimes amusing to their parents.

Alice said she had a story from the Bible she could tell. There was a man named Elijah. He was a good man and was hiding away from the bad people in a cave. He was hungry, so he prayed to Heavenly Father. Pretty soon a big sea gull came flying over and dropped him a pancake.

Cynthia said she could tell a story she heard in Sunday School. She told how a man named Nehi left Jerusalem and traveled in the wilderness. He lived in a tent. One morning he found a large brass ball in front of his tent. The word *Liahona* is still hard to remember, and we have to keep reminding her that the man's name was Lehi, not Nehi, but she never forgets that his wife was named Sariah.

Betty has repeated the Articles of Faith as far as she has learned them in Primary. Donald has finished the Articles of Faith where Betty left off and has repeated the Boy Scout Oath and Laws and given us a good demonstration of flag signaling.

Patricia has given a talk on faith and other short selections. I have illustrated the stories of Adam and Eve and Noah and the ark on my flannel board which I use for Primary, and Eldon has ended the program with a Scriptural reading or a short talk on a religious subject. Then we have had the closing prayer.

After the program, the refresh-

ment committee takes over. With our mouths watering, we sit politely while we are served. We have had some delicious concoctions, usually something which the children have thought of and prepared themselves with a little help.

THEN the entertainment committee comes forth with the games. It is a family rule to have two games for the younger children and two for the older ones. On one occasion, I helped the committee make a Book of Mormon game which consisted of questions from The Book of Mormon stories we had read. Each question was written on a card. The person answering the question could keep the card, and the one with the most cards in the end won the game. Once Donald and I made an Articles of Faith puzzle. We wrote the Articles of Faith in big letters on cardboard and cut them up in puzzles. We took turns fitting the puzzles together.

We have noticed much growth and development through participation in our Family Hour, but best of all we are learning the gospel together and having fun doing it. Family Hour is helping to build testimonies in the lives of our children and thereby is strengthening ours.

Desert Yearnings

Annie Atkin Tanner

When summer suns in other lands torture me,
I long for desert thunderstorms
Which tear black clouds apart and let a prayed-for
Rain, fall on red earth,
That long has begged for saving streams
From heaven.

In the desert there are no trembling aspens
Nor stately pines nor rugged junipers
To grace this land I love,
But there are thorny cactus plants,
With blossoms pink as the glow of early morning,
And deliciously smelling of fruits
Grown only in the tropics.
There are creamy, waxen bells,
On sturdy stems of Yucca trees,
Whose sword-spiked leaves guard well
Their perfumed loveliness.
And there is copper-colored moonlight,
The song of the cactus wren,
And after rain, the pungent breath
Of chaparral.

Oh, there is peace and restful solitude,
In this chimerical world of my desert,
And I long for it with a nostalgic yearning,
That years can never take away!

The Ice-Cream Pie

Florence B. Dunford

I am afraid I have always been the timid sort. "Do people like me?" seems always to be my question. And, "How much can I do for them?" And, "Do people really like you to do things for them?" Things like that. Matters of friendliness.

A couple of years before, we had moved to this new neighborhood. At first everyone made an obvious effort to be friendly, to get acquainted. But then the Jennings on the east of us seemed to find out that Tim and I didn't really travel in their class after all. The neighbors directly across the street from us were a trifle old for me, I felt. Besides, she was a club woman and gone all day. And Dr. Walton was older even than his wife. By evening all he wanted was to settle down with TV.

That left the neighbors on the west of us; he traveled over several states. His wife went with him. On the east of the doctor, across the street, lived the Morrisons. Mrs. Morrison, though she was of our faith, had four growing daughters, and an aged, ailing father. Mrs. Morrison, I knew, didn't have much time for friendliness.

The neighbor I really wanted to know was a Mrs. Carter who lived in a smaller house than ours, compact and neat, but not so elaborate, on the west of the old doctor and his wife.

I just didn't know what had happened between Joan Carter and myself. She was my sort, I felt. She beamed friendliness. They'd bought their home a year or so later than we'd built ours, and they had two children. We'd been among the first in the subdivision of an old apple orchard that had been turned into a homesite; the prettiest one in our small western city, people often told me.

"The Carters would like to get acquainted," Tim my husband told me several times there at first. "She seems an awfully nice sort. We ought to have them over."

"We will," I said. But somehow the time never came. I had old friends I was still interested in. There was the work on the new yard; I wanted to keep the house shining. Our daughter was away at school, summer and winter. I kept finding new interests.

Gradually the Carters and we drifted into just a pleasant speaking acquaintance. This hurt me, for I wanted to be friendly. Why doesn't Joan borrow from me? I thought, the morning I saw her returning the steam iron to the neighbor at the extreme end of the block. What is it I've done or haven't done that makes her feel shy or unfriendly toward me?

The time seemed to have passed when I could ask them over, casually, or for a more formal evening. Why doesn't she like me? I kept thinking. Why won't she just run in and out the way I'd like to have her do — the way I see her do with Betty Jennings on the east, who, though I didn't care so much about her, rarely visited me either.

Maybe it's Tim, I decided. Per-

haps Tim wasn't friendly enough with the husbands.

Yet it was Tim who first got acquainted with the Carters. And the Jennings on the east, and the Fentons on the west, and the old doctor and the Morrisons. No, I felt sure it wasn't Tim. Something was the matter with me. People just didn't like me. But why, why?

Still I had my old friends. They at least understood me. That morning in April with the apple blossoms on the old trees in bloom, the narcissi and the tulips and the flowering crab making a perfumed fairy garden in the rear, Ann Helke phoned me.

"Louise Davis and I are going to have lunch and spend the afternoon shopping," she said. "Would you like to join us?"

"Tim's going to stay home and work on the yard today," I answered. "I'd sort of promised myself . . . but, yes, I'll go," I decided. An afternoon downtown with my old friends would do me good.

EVEN so, that day thinking about Tim eating his sandwich alone, spending the day alone while I loafed and gadded and enjoyed myself at lunch and during the long afternoon going from shop to shop, kept worrying me. That's silly I'd argue with myself from time to time. Tim doesn't really care. I don't waste much of my time. It just happens he is home today. And look at Ann and Louise. Some women spend half their time — three-fourths of it, visiting, attending clubs, going to movies, or just plain window shopping.

"I haven't a thing in the house to eat," I told Ann guiltily, when along about six o'clock she dropped me off in front of our ranch style house.

"Neither have I," she answered easily. "But I'll find something. Or maybe Jess'll take me out."

Tim wasn't much at eating out, I thought, as I opened the front door. But after a day's work on the yard — Tim always went at anything twice as hard as he ought — he'd want something really substantial, along with something nice for dessert. Tim was a meat and dessert man. The things in between didn't interest him much.

A quick glance through the rooms said Tim wasn't in from the yard yet. Dumping my hat and my few purchases on the bed in the far bedroom, I hurried out back.

"I'm home, darling," I called.

Tim turned a red, weary face to me from the far side of the garden. "That's good."

"Hungry?"

He tried to smile. "Famished. That sandwich . . . ."

"I know," I said guiltily. "And I'll bet you haven't stopped a minute all day. I'll hurry and get dinner."

That morning, standing by my kitchen sink there at the front of the house, I'd noticed a couple of strange cars in the Carter driveway. Joan's folks from the northern part of the state, I had thought.

The cars were still there, I saw. Joan will be busy, I thought, and I imagined her hurrying through the small rooms (ours were so large), her hazel eyes smiling, her short dark hair smooth and neat. Joan was such a pretty woman!

I hurried to the icebox to see

what I could find for Tim's dinner. Leftover lamb roast from two days ago. A salad. I could open a can of brown beans to go with it. But what for dessert? Tim simply didn't consider he'd eaten without dessert!

More from habit than from hope, I opened the freezing compartment. At best I expected to find nothing better than a can of frozen orange juice, a taste of half-melted sherbet . . . .

At first, I literally couldn't believe my eyes. I blinked and looked again. On the lower shelf of the freezing compartment, basking in a luscious pale brown crumb crust, was the most delectable lime-green ice-cream pie I'd ever seen!

I swallowed and looked a third time. The vision didn't change. My heart beating fast, I hurried out back again.

"Tim, oh, Tim!" I called softly. "Who sent the beautiful pie?"

TIM, with his face deep in the bushes, his back toward me, didn't answer. I went back inside, opened the ice box again, this time just to stare.

Who had sent the pie? Which of my new neighbors?

I hurried to the window. The solution of Tim's dessert problem and my little guilty feeling at leaving him, wasting my afternoon, had brought with it another problem. Which one of my neighbors — the fragility of the pie indicated it must have come from close by — which one, had done this kindly, this most timely deed?

Betty Jennings, there on the east, I mused. Betty called desserts "goop." Across from her, the Morrisons. Mrs. Morrison would be too busy with her own brood, her ailing father, to spend the time on such a work of art as this! The old doctor's wife directly across from us! As if in answer to that Mrs. Walton's ice-blue car, with her at the wheel, coasted in to their wide driveway. On the west of us, the new people, the Fentons? But just this morning Tim had told me they were in Portland.

Joan Carter, then! Joan Carter, the one I so hoped and wanted it to be! There just wasn't any other answer. While I had been downtown with my old friends, shopping and wasting my day, Joan had — along with her house guests — found the time, and the desire, to make this wonderful lime-green ice cream pie!

My heart sang. All my problems, my self-doubts, I felt were answered. Joan still wanted to be friends. Whatever had happened there at first, it didn't matter now. Joan and I were friends! I'd never doubt her again! I'd never doubt myself! And in the future I'd never forget it. No matter what happened, no matter the slights and the coldness, I'd have this to go by. The knowledge of her kindness would stay in my mind and my heart forever.

I began to plan the things we'd do together, Joan borrowing from me, me calling across to her, Tim and her husband friends. Her children, maybe, calling me Aunt Sally.

The lamb roast, the fresh green salad, even the canned oven-browned beans took on a different aspect as, calling to Tim again that dinner was ready, I set them on the table there in our small dining room, just off the kitchen. And

then to please Tim's eye, to make the occasion even more special, while he was washing in the bathroom just off the patio, I lifted the ice-cream pie from its shelf. Cutting two generous wedges, I slid them carefully onto two of my Minton plates.

"It's ready, dear; dinner's ready," I sang out, just as Tim appeared through the door of the utility room.

Tim, weary as he was, didn't seem to notice. He drew back his chair, sank into it. "Whew, what a day!"

I could restrain myself no longer. "You saw the pie," I said, my glance indicating the creamy, ice-cool wedges. "Wasn't it nice of Joan to send it?" I was so sure it was Joan. I could speak with such sureness.

"SEND us the pie!" Tim exploded. At last he was seeing the creamy wedges. "Joan didn't give it to us! She's got guests. Her icebox was full. She just wanted to store it in ours."

The bottom seemed to fall out of my day. "Just . . . store . . . it?" I stammered. It was as though I were begging him to say differently.

Tim nodded. "And you've cut it!" There was blame and censure in his voice, his manner.

"Oh, I'm sorry! I called to you but you didn't hear me. I'll have to put it back."

"Well, I'll say," Tim said. He was helping himself to the leftover roast, the canned beans.

As best I could I slid the delicate pieces into place, put the pie back in the freezer, turned up the controls. But already the pieces had begun to melt. The pie would never look the same again. And I'd never feel the same again.

"You're not eating," Tim said a few minutes later.

"I'm . . . just not hungry, I guess." I murmured something about my afternoon downtown.

My neighbor had been thinking of me. She had turned to me to store her pie and now we'd never be friends.

In the morning, however, I prepared Tim's and my own bacon and eggs, new strawberries, and buttered toast, and I ate mine with relish.

"What are you going to do today?" Tim asked his usual question, as, dressed in his neat tan suit, his lips touched my cheek at the door.

"I've really got a busy day," I said smiling. "I'm going to make you something nice for dessert tonight. Besides that, I'm going to bake something for the neighbors."

"The neighbors?" Tim raised his eyebrows in mock consternation. "All of them?"

"Well, some of them. Mrs. Morrison; her girls would like some cookies, I'm sure. And maybe her old father . . . he'd like a custard. And Betty, next door. I'll bet I can find some kind of dessert she won't call 'goop.'" I hesitated a moment. "But most of all I want to bake something for Joan. Most especially, Joan."

Tim's face lit up in the most beatific smile. "Well, that's more like it," he said.

And I knew suddenly that if I had been worried about myself, he had been worried about me, too. And now neither of us was worried.

"That's my girl," he said. And bending over me again, he kissed me on the mouth.

Getting New Subscriptions and Renewals for The Relief Society Magazine

Lucy Horman

Magazine Representative, Highland Stake (Utah)

[Discussion Presented in the *Magazine* Department Meeting, Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 29, 1955]

MEMBERS of our Church are constantly asked to perform tasks for which they have little or no training. This is particularly true of the *Magazine* representatives. They often come to us with misgivings. I have heard them say, "I haven't had any experience in selling, but our president combed the ward and was unable to find anyone to fill this position, so I have decided to help her out." We have learned from experience that it isn't how much they know that matters, but how willing they are to learn.

A Planned Reading Program

If we are to be successful, we must increase our knowledge of selling. To gain knowledge of selling, we would do well to study the technique of outstanding salesmen who make their living in this field. Gaining knowledge is dependent on the persistent effort we put forth. To increase knowledge, some professional salesmen advise a planned reading program. Thirty minutes each day is suggested. Part of our reading should be done aloud, so we can hear our voices and improve any undesirable qualities that we may discover. Words have been called the tools with which we express our thoughts. Therefore, it is suggested that we improve our vocabularies by spending a few minutes each day with the dictionary. We should persist in using these new words until they become natural to us.

We must also develop our ability to think clearly and express our thoughts fluently, for we want to give the impression that we know what we are talking about. The ability to say the right word at the right time is often the difference between success and failure.

A Positive Attitude

A positive attitude is vital to success. Any negative expression may defeat our cause. This brings to mind an incident of my youth. A neighbor girl came to our home and said to my mother, "Mrs. Smith, I'm selling pins. I knew you wouldn't buy any, but I thought I'd come anyway."

After she had gone, mother said with a grin, "There is a young lady who is destined to rise to the heights in the field of selling!"

A popular song of a few years ago suggested that we emphasize the positive and eliminate the negative, and that is what we want to do and we can do it by choosing our words carefully.

A *Magazine* representative in my stake discovered that she was saying

the wrong thing when she asked for renewals. It had been her habit to say, "Would you like to renew your subscription to *The Relief Society Magazine?*" She had a discouraging number of them say "No." She thought about it for some time, and concluded that when she said, "Would you like to renew your subscription?" she was placing a choice in front of them, and they were choosing to do the very thing she didn't want them to do. Now she has changed her wording to, "It is time for you to renew your subscription to *The Relief Society Magazine,*" and has had very few refusals since.

Authorities agree that we must be persistent in our efforts to learn, and we must have the qualities that make people like us. We should analyze our personalities. Are we cheerful, enthusiastic, and considerate of the feelings of others? If not, we should develop these qualities. It is also important that we understand human behavior so we can combine our knowledge and these qualities of personality to influence people to do what we want them to do.

Know the Magazine

We have learned from master salesmen that we must know our product before we can successfully present it to others. In our case we must know *The Relief Society Magazine,* and only by reading the *Magazine* will we know its contents and its worth to other women. *Magazine* representatives should learn all they can about the Relief Society organization, its history, and its aims. We know it was given to us by our Heavenly Father through the Prophet Joseph Smith for our growth and development. The *Magazine* representative has a very important calling, for it is her task to place the *Magazine,* or the "Voice of the Relief Society," as it has been called, in every Latter-day Saint home.

The Advantage of Personal Contact

How shall we make these contacts? Several approaches come to my mind. The personal contact, the telephone, and at a Relief Society meeting. Again, we shall turn to the professional salesman for advice. I have talked personally with some of these men, and they agree that there is no substitute for personal contact. The personal contact gives an opportunity to get acquainted with the women. It gives the *Magazine* representative a chance to show the *Magazine,* explain its contents, and point out its value to the family. It also gives her the opportunity to explain the Relief Society organization which is responsible for the *Magazine.* It is in the unhurried atmosphere of the home visit that the *Magazine* representative's personality will show to the best advantage.

Using the Telephone

I have been assured that no business could be run without the telephone. However, in selling, it is only useful if we understand its limitations. Its real value in selling is to clear the way for a personal interview, where the selling will be done. Insurance companies use the telephone to eliminate from their lists the names of people who

are not interested in what they have to offer. Although the *Magazine* representative would not use the phone for the same purpose, it is helpful to us in many ways. One of our ward representatives used it to get her renewals. She said she was ill for five weeks, and could not get around the ward. So she called the women on the phone and explained the situation to them. She told them it was time to renew their subscriptions and asked them to send the money to her. She was very happy when they all renewed. This was an emergency where the telephone was put to good use. It can also be used to check with new subscribers to make sure they are receiving their *Magazine*. While we do not usually make appointments for interviews, it is advisable, where women work, to call them on the phone and ask for the privilege of visiting in their homes at a time that is convenient.

Announcements in Relief Society Meetings

Although the Relief Society meeting is not the place for making sales, it does give the *Magazine* representative an opportunity to speak occasionally. An enthusiastic talk, especially at the beginning of the fall season, will serve as a reminder to the women that the *Magazine* representative will be visiting them in their homes for new subscriptions or renewals.

Parents with missionaries in the field should be encouraged to send the *Magazine* to them, for missionaries are often called upon to serve in this organization. When my own son was serving in Australia, I sent the *Magazine* to him. He notified me upon receipt of his first copy. A short time passed, and in another letter he said, "Mother, have you read the articles in *The Relief Society Magazine* written by Homer Durham? If you haven't, I suggest that you do so." A few weeks later in another letter, he said, "Mother, I'm now teaching the social science class in Relief Society. These lessons are written by Homer Durham. If you have not read them, I suggest that you do so." At that time I was president of the Relief Society, so found his suggestion amusing.

Renewals

We must keep in mind that it is not only the responsibility of the *Magazine* representative to get new subscriptions, but she must take care of all renewals. These renewals, like new subscriptions, must be turned in to the general board one month in advance, as only enough *Magazines* are published to fill the subscriptions received. The *Magazine* representatives should take the renewals very seriously, as most of our women have come to depend on them for this service. It is unfortunate when a subscription runs out and an issue is missed. In many cases it causes real inconvenience to our women, and gives the impression that the *Magazine* representative is not interested in them.

In conclusion, let us remember that the *Magazine* representative should carry into the homes she visits a spirit of enthusiasm, sincerity, cheerfulness, and a true consideration for the feelings of the women. We should keep in mind that it is far more important to make a friend than to make a sale.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, March 1, and March 15, 1896

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

THE EXPONENT IN ENGLAND: There are a great many women in the Church in England, both old and young, who would be highly delighted and benefited, could they have the opportunity of perusing your excellent publication, many, yes many, of these sisters are unable to subscribe, and are literally starving for faith promoting and encouraging literature suitable to their sex . . . . Can the blessed, yes *thrice* blessed sisters in Zion not do something . . . if only to have a copy of the *Exponent* placed on file in every conference house in the missions of the world . . . ?

—H. A. Tuckett

RELIEF SOCIETY IN WAYNE STAKE: The Relief Society of Wayne Stake held Conference Nov. 29th, 1895, in the Loa Relief Society Hall . . . . Counselor Mary E. Hanks was pleased to meet with the sisters, said: "If we all have a prayerful heart, such things will be said that will be beneficial to all. We are living in a day and age when there are great improvements, therefore it behooves us to improve ourselves in every way possible, prepare ourselves to bring forth mighty men and women. It is a great joy when mothers see their sons promoted to higher priesthoods. We should encourage our children to read good books . . . ."

—Anna Coleman, Sec.

FADED FACES

Oh! The mothers of men: What a toilsome life,
Is theirs from their early years.
And the pitying father must look down,
And prepare for such a glorious crown
Where is found no sorrow or tears . . . .

The countenance then will shine as the sun,
Being glorious to behold,
As robed in white 'round the throne of God,
Having passed from under affliction's rod
No more to grow wrinkled and old . . . .

—Mary A. Freeze

QUEEN VICTORIA: Queen Victoria has 67 living descendants. And yet they say that if women are allowed to take part in politics, the human race will die out!

—Selected

KINDERGARTEN EDUCATION: Fair Utah which abounds in children ought not to be behind in progressive work in this direction . . . . Women cannot too soon urge upon legislators and school boards the quality and excellence of the Kindergarten. Froebel the originator of this system in his trumpet-call to the mothers of Germany says, "Come let us live with the children"; and as every mother should live with her children, and many mothers are severely puzzled to know what to do with the children and how best to train and manage them, the mothers are the ones who should become kindergarten educators, and the young women of today can find no better field or profession than the kindergarten affords.

—Editorial

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

BELLE S. SPAFFORD, general president of Relief Society, has been appointed a member of the National Board of the American Mothers Committee, the organization which selects the American Mother of the Year. The objectives of the Committee are: "1. To develop and strengthen the moral and spiritual fibre of the American home; 2. To give to the observance of Mother's Day a spiritual quality which highlights the standards of ideal Motherhood and recognizes the important role of the Mother in the Home, the Community, the Nation and the World."

WOMEN now serving in the Congress of the United States are equally divided between Democrats and Republicans, eight women representing each party. Of the total number of women who have ever served in Congress, the Democrats have sent thirty-six and the Republicans twenty-four. Twenty-one women succeeded their husbands, and one succeeded her father. The other thirty-eight women legislators were elected "on their own."

PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE, of Great Britain, was named Woman of the Year by the women editors of the Associated Press newspapers of America because she renounced her personal happiness (a marriage with Group Captain Peter Townsend) in favor of duty to church, state, and family. Grace Kelly placed first in the field of acting; Clare Boothe Luce in politics; seventy-five-year-old Helen Keller in the field of service; Babe Zaharias in sports; Anne Morrow Lindbergh in writing (*Gift from the Sea*); Oveta Culp Hobby in the field of education; Bernice Fitz-Gibbon in the field of advertising.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to: Mrs. Augusta Jacobson Sward, Provo, Utah, ninety-seven; Mrs. Mary E. Giauque Hodge, Salt Lake City, Utah, ninety-five; Mrs. Lorine I. Higbee, Toquerville, Utah, ninety-four; Mrs. Lovisa G. Davis, St. Anthony, Idaho, ninety-four; Mrs. Carrie Jensen Thomas, Logan, Utah, ninety-one; and the following women who have reached their ninetieth birthdays: Mrs. Mary Swensen, Hyrum, Utah; Mrs. Brita Lundgren, Salt Lake City, Utah; Mrs. Nelsmine (Minnie) Weibel, Los Angeles, California; Mrs. Pamela Thompson Smith, Centerville, Utah; Miss Alice Smith, Logan, Utah; Mrs. Catherine Warren Bennett, Pocatello, Idaho.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 43 MARCH 1956 NO. 3

The Constitution of Relief Society

RECENTLY a question was asked by a Church member, "Well, just why is Relief Society the greatest women's organization in the world?"

The answer from a devoted Relief Society member came promptly. "There are other organizations with worthwhile purposes, it is true, but none other is instructed by the Priesthood of God, nor does any one other combine the characteristics of Relief Society.

"Relief Society gives instruction in theology, and thus develops and strengthens individual testimonies of the gospel. In addition, Relief Society teaches and encourages a higher concept of wifehood, motherhood, and homemaker, at the same time offering training and refinement through a study of great literature. Relief Society makes women better citizens and community improvers through study in the social science field. All these studies as carried on, are approved by the Priesthood — thus further implementing the words of the Prophet Joseph at the organization of Relief Society:

> You will receive instructions through the order of the Priesthood which God has established, through the medium of those appointed to lead, guide and direct the affairs of the Church in this last dispensation . . . (D. H. C. IV, page 607).

"Then," the speaker continued, "there is the great opportunity for service, in addition to all the formal instruction. Any member may be called upon to perform services for others by the president, or by members of the presidency. And here again," the sister leaned forward in her intensity, "the manner in which the leaders are chosen is unique with women's organizations. There is never any jockeying for position. The president is chosen by the governing Priesthood, and she chooses her counselors (vice presidents they would be called in other women's organizations), with the approval of the Priesthood. The manner in which they are chosen marks them as being called of the Lord through his servants, and thus complete acceptance of their positions and the way they conduct the affairs of the Society is accorded by the membership.

"Let me remind you," the sister continued, "of what the Prophet Joseph Smith said of the general presidency of Relief Society in Nauvoo. You may recall that Eliza R. Snow had been asked to draw up a constitution and a set of by-laws to give to the Prophet for his acceptance in setting up a women's organization. He, however, while commending the sisters on the excellence of the articles, said, 'The

Lord has something better for you than a written constitution, and then he appointed the 17th of March as the time of the first meeting.'

"During the organization proceedings, the Prophet told them what their Constitution would be:

> Let this presidency serve as a Constitution—all their decisions be considered law, and acted upon as such . . . The minutes of your meetings will be precedent for you to act upon — your Constitution and law (*A Centenary of Relief Society*, page 15).

"FROM that time this has been the proper order. Over the years, under the direction of the presiding Priesthood, decisions of the general presidency have formed the precedents under which the Society has progressed. True, being organized 'under the Priesthood and after a pattern of the Priesthood,' the general presidency has a board appointed to share the work and assist in the planning, conducting, and carrying out of the general objectives, but the Constitution remains the presidency of the organization and their decisions, and minutes of the board are the precedents which constitute the by-laws of the organization.

"Certainly," the speaker emphasized, "this pattern formed under inspiration by a Prophet of the Lord, has guided the Society to its present heights of being the greatest woman's organization in the world. In a spirit of humility and service, and in recognition of its divine beginnings and its continued growth under subsequent and present Church Priesthood guidance, it is inevitably pre-eminent. Nowhere else has a woman's organization had such a beginning nor such a history. And it will always be so," this devoted Relief Society member finished. "It will spread as the Church spreads and become greater and more powerful, so long as the grand key-words, given Relief Society by the Prophet Joseph Smith, are followed: 'Said Jesus, Ye shall do the work which ye see me do.' "

"Relief Society's true greatness rests upon the service it gives to the Church and to one's neighbor. And I just wish," concluded the speaker, "that the other half of the women of the Church realized the privileges and blessings which come to Relief Society members, and that all Church women would join Relief Society and assist in its God-given work."

—M. C. S.

Temple Square

Leone E. McCune

Here in the busy city's heart
High wall, enclosed, and set apart;
Quiet, serene, in summer's beauty dressed,
Silent and hushed in snows of winter blessed.
Pipe organ music floats about the grounds;
With words of prayer and praise the place resounds.

And people come from far and near
Its unique messages to hear.

In Memoriam — Charlotte Owens Sackett

CHARLOTTE Owens Sackett, seventy-eight, died in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 24, 1956. A beloved Relief Society "Singing Mother," this devoted sister gave freely of her lovely talents and her thorough musical education in training and inspiring hundreds of Relief Society singers. In April 1932, the Liberty Stake (Salt Lake City, Utah) chorus of selected voices from the various wards, and directed by Sister Sackett, furnished the music for Relief Society general conference. After this successful appearance, the chorus was sponsored by the general board, more singers were added, and Sister Sackett was appointed director of the combined choruses. This group furnished music for the general conference of the Church in April 1933, appearing under the name of "Singing Mothers" — a dear name — which has been greatly multiplied and has been given to ward and stake and mission Relief Society singers throughout the Church.

The beautiful soprano voice of Sister Sackett will long be remembered, and the inspiration of her direction will be as a lasting heritage for the Singing Mothers in years to come.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Organizations and Reorganizations of Stake and Mission Relief Societies for 1955

ORGANIZATIONS

Stakes	*Formerly Part of*	*Appointed President*	*Date Appointed*
East Mesa	Mesa and Maricopa Stakes	Reta M. Reed	November 20, 1955
Grand Junction	Western States Mission	Evelyn T. McKinnon	October 16, 1955
Honolulu	Oahu Stake	Miriam W. Knapp	September 15, 1955
New Orleans	Texas-Louisiana and Southern States Mission	Dolores Cluff Fife	July 1, 1955
Redondo	Inglewood Stake	Magdalen W. Lake	June 6, 1955
Rose Park	Riverside Stake	Betty Jo Reiser	October 28, 1955
Missions			
Gulf States	(Name changed from Texas-Louisiana Mission)	Phyllis D. Smith continued as president	June 19, 1955
Northern Far East	(Created from former Japanese Mission)	Hazel M. Robertson	September 1, 1955
South Australian	Australian Mission	Adelphia Durrant Bingham	September 1, 1955
Southern Far East	(Created from former Japanese Mission)	Roxey Luana C. Heaton	September 1, 1955

REORGANIZATIONS

Stakes	*Released President*	*Appointed President*	*Date Appointed*
Bakersfield	Arlene P. Sutton (Died May 10, '55)	Elizabeth W. Winn	June 26, 1955
Bear River	Ruby W. Nielson	Cora L. Nielson	May 1, 1955
Big Horn	Amelia H. Robertson	Helena D. Belnap	August 28, 1955
Blaine	Fawn N. Dilworth	Donna Lou Thorne	May 8, 1955
Bonneville	Mary R. Young	Cora Jenkins	May 15, 1955
Cache	Inez B. Tingey	Pearl A. Heaton	September 19, 1955
Cannon	Mabel H. Miller	Eva H. Stevenson	September 7, 1955
East Jordan	Grace G. Thornton	Celeste D. Millerberg	August 14, 1955
East Long Beach	Betsy McNey	LaPrele Mertz	September 8, 1955
East Phoenix	Lola M. Shumway	Lola L. Green	September 9, 1955
East Riverside	Bernice S. Anderson	Stake Disorganized	October 9, 1955
Emery	Surelda C. Ralphs	Myrle B. Johansen	April 14, 1955
Garfield	Alta S. Wiltshire	Gwen H. Lyman	December 4, 1955
Grant	Lorena Harline	Virginia Newbold	June 26, 1955
Las Vegas	Alice Alldredge	Myrtle George	August 21, 1955
Lehi	Lileth Peck	Ruby M. Nielsen	May 8, 1955
Logan	LaVera W. Coombs	Gwen J. Miner	September 4, 1955
Malad	Hanna S. Harris	Nellie S. Gleed	March 27, 1955
Maricopa	Esther Miller	Mildred B. Jarvis	May 8, 1955
Mount Ogden	Cleone R. Eccles	Ardella H. Stevens	September 4, 1955
Nevada	Sylvia Johnson	Christie L. Haynes	September 1, 1955
Nyssa	Emma D. Chytraus	Lynile Buhler	June 19, 1955
Oahu	Miriam W. Knapp	Eugenia N. Logan	September 15, 1955
Oakland	Della W. Swensen	Annabelle W. Hart	September 4, 1955
Panguitch	Cleo V. Hatch	Alta S. Wiltshire	November 6, 1955
Redondo	Magdalen W. Lake	June Baggett	July 28, 1955
Rigby	Nita J. Jorgensen	Hope Beus	February 20, 1955
Riverside	Drusilla B. Newman	Luella M. Buchi	November 1, 1955
Roosevelt	LaRue O. Nixon	Minnie Angus	October 16, 1955
Salmon River	Elizabeth G. Hoggan	Louise Arave	March 20, 1955
San Joaquin	Venice J. Ricks (Died July 20, '55)	Sylvia R. Stone	August 2, 1955
San Joaquin	Sylvia R. Stone	Margaret R. Marchant	September 8, 1955
Santaquin-Tintic	Josephine C. Crook	Fern Horton	September 18, 1955
Seattle	Birdie S. Bean	Leora G. Clawson	February 27, 1955
South Box Elder	Ezma L. Knudson	Edith E. Baddley	August 28, 1955
South Carolina	Alice Voyles	Annie H. Capps	July 10, 1955
South Sevier	Montez O. Christiansen	Faye K. Nielson	April 24, 1955
Spokane	Edna H. Bennion	Zelda S. Conrad	January 16, 1955
Wayne	LaVell King	Thora Jackson	September 25, 1955
West Jordan	Dora B. Callicott	Mae C. Johnson	May 22, 1955

MISSIONS

Missions	*Released President*	*Appointed President*	*Date Appointed*
Australian	Leah B. Liljenquist	Irene Toone Erekson	June 23, 1955
British	Elizabeth B. Reiser	Irene P. Kerr	October 19, 1955
California	LaPriel S. Bunker	Alta H. Taylor	September 18, 1955
Canadian	Anna H. Toone	Leah H. Lewis	October 19, 1955
Central American	Elizabeth W. Romney	Gladys K. Wagner	October 19, 1955
Central Atlantic States	Mabel M. Nalder	Lovell W. Smith	September 14, 1955
East Central States	Adriana M. Zappey	Marie Curtis Richards	February 25, 1955
Eastern States	Eva C. Taylor	Florence S. Jacobsen	July 19, 1955

Missions	*Released President*	*Appointed President*	*Date Appointed*
New England	Hattie B. Maughan	Margaret R. Jackson	August 29, 1955
New Zealand	Alice W. Ottley	Arta Romney Ballif	March 17, 1955
Northern Far East	Hazel M. Robertson	Frances P. Andrus	November 12, 1955
Northwestern States	Mavil A. McMurrin	Effie K. Driggs	September 29, 1955
Southern States	Emily E. Ricks	Lucile W. Bunker	October 19, 1955
Southwest Indian	Thelma S. Buchanan	Lavena L. Rohner	June 23, 1955
Tahitian	Frankie G. Orton	Dorothy Pope Christensen	June 2, 1955
Tongan	Joan W. Coombs	Sylvia R. Stone	October 19, 1955
Uruguayan	Afton K. Shreeve	Louise Bush Parry	August 12, 1955

Index for 1955 Relief Society Magazine Available

COPIES of the 1955 index of *The Relief Society Magazines* are available and may be ordered from the General Board of Relief Society, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. The price is 15c, including postage.

Relief Society officers and members who wish to have their 1955 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound may do so through the Deseret News Press, 31 Richards Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. The cost for binding the twelve issues in a permanent cloth binding is $2.50, including the index. If leather binding is preferred, the cost is $3.50, including the index. These prices do not include postage, and an additional amount to cover postage must accompany all orders for binding of the *Magazines*. See schedules of postage rates in this issue of the *Magazine*, page 209.

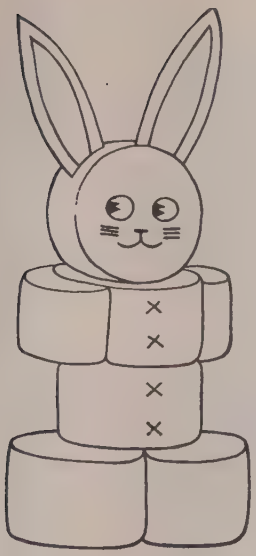
If bound volumes are desired, and the *Magazines* cannot be supplied by the person making the request, the *Magazines* will be supplied for $1.50 by the *Magazine* Department, General Board of Relief Society, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. Only a limited number of *Magazines* are available for binding.

It is suggested that all wards and stakes have one volume of the 1955 *Magazines* bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries.

Announcing the Special April Short Story Issue

THE April 1956 issue of The Relief Society Magazine will be the special short story number, with four outstanding stories being presented. Look for these stories in April:

"A Full Hive," by Dorothy Clapp Robinson
"To You, Beloved," by Lois E. Fockner
"Lesson From Letty," by Arlene D. Cloward
"The Day Before the Wedding," by Dorothy Boys Kilian



Springtime Is Fun-Time

Helen B. Morris

LADY Spring has made her debut. The frogs are no longer icebound and can be seen hopping under furry pussy-willow trees. Coats of mottled hue have been gladly donned by all the members of the vulnerable rabbit kingdom. All except the Easter rabbit, that is. His white coat is in tiptop condition and his pink eyes are shining their delight. His heyday is just around the corner.

Our youngsters are joyfully sharing nature's delights, and spring will be more delightful, if we help them plan a party for Saturday afternoon, the day before Easter. Parties mean food, and food means plans. Let us help you with yours.

Suppose we serve refreshments buffet style. To give the table the gay expression of spring, try this. First, cover it with a white cloth. Then, for an unusual and attractive centerpiece, fill a large glass bowl with cold water. Add to the water a few drops of lavendar food coloring. Next add four teaspoons baking soda and two teaspoons citric acid, which may be obtained at very small cost at any drugstore. (Almost any proportions will work, so long as they are in sufficient quantities.) Now, drop a dozen or more moth balls into this solution. After a few minutes, they will begin to travel from the top to the bottom of the bowl. To add that finishing touch, float a daffodil blossom or two on top of your "fountain." Everyone will be curious and wonder if you have resorted to witchcraft.

On each side of this centerpiece, near the ends of the table, place bouquets of fresh daffodils accented with a few twigs of pussy willow.

Even this attraction won't satisfy sharp appetites. Let's serve ice-cream sundaes topped with pineapple, a maraschino cherry, and egg-shaped cookies decorated with bright-colored icings.

Here's how to make an Easter bunny favor to place on the plate with the refreshments. Join marshmallows together with toothpicks, using one for the head and two for the body, one for each leg, and a half marshmallow for each arm. Make ears from plain white paper and color the centers pink. Draw the face with blue and red food coloring. Make red crosses down the front to represent buttons.

Serve these refreshments, along with your favorite beverage, on your festive table, and you will have an Easter party to remember!

Recipes From Brazil

Submitted by Asael T. Sorensen

Canja (Brazilian Chicken Soup)

1 large fowl
1 tablespoon chopped onion
salt to taste
1 tablespoon butter
1 sprig parsley
1 leek
chives
2 carrots

Clean the chicken and cut it in pieces. Saute the onion in the butter; add the chicken and simmer without letting it get too dark. Cover with water, add salt, parsley, carrots, chives, and leek. Cook until the chicken is tender, strain the broth through a sieve; remove bones and skin from chicken and cut it in 2-inch pieces. To about three and a half pints of broth, add 1 cup of well-washed rice. Let it cook, and, when nearly done, add the pieces of chicken and some salt, if necessary. The soup should be yellow and not too thick. Remove fat, if there is too much. The rice cooks quickly. For more color, add one large tomato.

Shrimps a Bahiana

4 pounds shrimps
1 tablespoon fat (preferably oil)
1 chopped onion
parsley
6 small tomatoes
½ tablespoon flour
½ tablespoon butter
2 small hot peppers

Peel and clean the shrimps. Saute onion, tomatoes, and parsley in the fat; add shrimps and simmer. Melt the butter and flour; add I cup of water and pour this mixture over the shrimps. Boil for a few minutes. This dish is even better when the milk of one coconut is added instead of water. If you like it hot, add the two small hot peppers. Serve with rice.

Feijoada Completa (Brazilian Dish of Black Beans)

The day before the "Feijoada" wash several times in lukewarm water:

2 pounds of salt pork
2 pounds of dried meat (carne seca)
2 pounds of seasoned Brazilian pork sausage (linguica)
150 grams bacon
1 salted tongue
pork ears, tails, etc.

(For a good "Feijoada" about 15 kinds of meat should be used.)

Leave all meat covered with water overnight. Also wash 2 or more pounds of black beans, having picked out all empty shells or little stones that might be between them. Cover with water and let stand overnight.

On the morning of the "Feijoada" put all the well-drained meat and the black beans in a big kettle and cover with the water they were standing in overnight; add two pounds of fresh pork meat and two pounds of fresh beef (neck). Let everything boil slowly for several hours, adding warm water to it occasionally until the black beans are well cooked.

Melt two tablespoons of fat in a frying pan, add chopped onions, parsley, some

tomatoes, 1 bay leaf, and two cloves of garlic, well mashed; take a small portion of the black beans with the skimmer-spoon and add them to this mixture. Saute everything, mash it with a rammer, and return it to the big kettle. Let it thicken, but be careful that it does not burn at the bottom of the pan.

When ready to serve, carefully lift the meat out of the pan, carve it and arrange it on a big platter, the tongue in the middle, the dried and salted meat on one side, the fresh beef on the other. Serve the black beans in a soup tureen. Serve with rice, and small hot pepper sauce. Have peeled and sliced oranges on the table to go with the "Feijoada."

To cook the rice:

Pick the rice over and wash it. Brown 1 chopped onion, 1 clove of garlic, and from 1 to 6 tomatoes (according to size) in 3 tablespoons lard. Add the rice and stir it until it browns. Add boiling water (for 2 lbs. of rice about 8 cups of water) and let it boil on a slow fire for about ½ hour. When it is almost dry, cover the saucepan and let it boil a little longer. Take it off the fire.

Comforter

Catherine B. Bowles

The quilt my Grandma gave to me—
Gay patchwork made of tiny squares,
Each block delightful to behold;
Each held a story often told;
Some patches were not made quite true,
Uneven stitches, here and there.
The hand was shaky, wrinkled, old,
But the love she stitched cannot be told.

Sometimes my searching mind
Seems almost like the patchwork quilt.
Some parts are made of love and cheer,
With darker ones of doubt and fear;
Some streaked with mildew from my tears
Heartache and anguish through the years.
Each day has left a silent trace,
So clearly mirrored in my face.

But the soul my Father gave to me
Will live throughout eternity.

Life Is Like a Pattern

Anne S. W. Gould

LIFE is like taking a journey, the scenery is always changing. We may have to go through the desert, but it doesn't always stay desert, and even in the desert there is some loveliness, if we are on the lookout for it.

Strange Land of the Chiricahuas

Nell Murbarger

WITH their lofty summits rising nearly 10,000 feet above sea level, the Chiricahua Mountains spring from the surrounding aridity like a moist and verdant island. Grown to ferns and flowers and tall evergreens, this unusual retreat in southeastern Arizona is a far different place than one ordinarily expects to find in a desert region only a few minutes drive from the Mexican border.

Little changed physically since those rugged days of nearly a century ago, when these canyons served as a stronghold for the Apache war lords, Cochise and Geronimo, the Chiricahuas are still largely inaccessible save by steep, dim trails, and sure-footed mountain horses. Fortunately for auto travelers, the one improved road that crosses the range gives entry to the most scenic portion of the entire mountain chain — an area that embraces so many unusual features that seventeen square miles of it were set aside by President Coolidge, in 1924, as Chiricahua National Monument.

Whether a visitor's interest lies in botany, bird study, geology, photography, mountain climbing, or frontier history, this strange land has more to offer the vacationist than almost any other American area of comparable size. Regardless of its other attractions, however, its dominant feature must forever be its spectacular rock formations. Carved by time and weather into thousands of fantastic shapes, these gigantic pillars rise like sentinels above the enveloping forest, serrating the ridge-tops, overshadowing the public campground, and flanking every mile of highway and hiking trail that winds through the Monument.

To some of these sculptured forms have been given such descriptive names as Chinese Boy, Donald Duck, The Anvil, Baked Potato, Old Devil Face, Praying Padre, The Bishop, Thor's Hammer, The Old Maid, Kissing Rocks, Queen Victoria, Punch and Judy, Chinese Wall, and The Mushroom; but tens of thousands of other sculpturings are as yet unnamed.

Of all the peculiar formations in Chiricahua National Monument, none possesses greater fascination than the scores of balanced rocks, the most spectacular one of which measures twenty-five feet in height and twenty feet broad, with a weight officially estimated at 625 *tons!* This gigantic boulder stands perched on a stem only four feet across at its point of contact, and the slightest earth tremor would be seemingly sufficient to send it crashing earthward. Two hundred yards and several hundred exclamations distant, stands Pinnacle Balanced Rock — twice as high as broad, but with a base little wider than a man's shoulders!

These balanced boulders, like other formations in the Monument, are a result of erosive forces; and although no man can say how many hundreds of years have been re-

Nell Murbarger

DUCK-ON-A-ROCK IN CHIRICAHUA NATIONAL MONUMENT, ARIZONA

quired for the carving of each rock, it is known that the weathering effected in the span of one human lifetime is scarcely discernible to the eye.

Although non-hikers can gain an impressive view of the Monument from the auto road and the lookout station at Massai Point, only persons with the stamina to hike or ride horseback for a few miles are privileged to view the "Heart of Rocks" area where the more unusual formations are centered. Fourteen miles of wide, safe trails, gently-graded and well-maintained, offer matchless sightseeing trips ranging from three to seven miles in length. Guide service is optional.

MOST of the other attractions offered by the Monument may be enjoyed without any particular need for exertion. Flower lovers find themselves in a leafy wonderland inhabited by more than 500 species of plants and eighty botanical families. Included in this assortment are fourteen species of ferns, seven varieties of oaks, and nine different conifers, the latter embracing such unusual types as Arizona cypress, alligator-barked juniper, and the Apache, Chiricahua, and Mexican pinon pine, all of which are of limited distribution in the United States. According to one botanical authority, the Chiricahuas likely contain a greater variety of plant life than is to be found in any other comparable area in the United States.

The Monument also is especially rich in bird life, a few forms — due to long-established isolation — being unique to this region. The wild turkey, once plentiful here, is lately making a gallant comeback, and the

thrill of hearing these great birds gobbling in the trees on a frosty autumn morning is an experience never to be forgotten! Rarest joy the Monument can offer to an ornithologist is the possibility of seeing the coppery-tailed trogon, a foot-long bird with rainbow-hued plumage. Even the thick-billed parrot occasionally strays northward to the Chiricahuas from his traditional home in Mexico's forested highlands.

In the animal line, the Arizona white-tailed deer abounds throughout the Monument, and does and fawns often come to drink at a spring near the public campground. Tracks of bears and mountain lions are occasionally seen in the higher elevations, and even the jaguar and handsome Mexican ocelot have been glimpsed. Smaller animals, such as squirrels and chipmunks, are plentiful.

Tent campers and trailerists are served by a clean, well-maintained campground, providing abundant shade, roomy spaces, good water, tables, outdoor fireplaces, showers, and a laundry room. Limited accommodations for non-campers are available at several nearby guest ranches, where saddle horses and guides also may be obtained.

Lying 120 miles east of Tucson, the Monument, from that point, is best reached via U. S. Highway 80, and State Routes 86 and 181; or north from Douglas (seventy miles) over U. S. 666 and State Route 181. All these routes are paved and offer no steep grades of mountain driving.

Just across the border from Douglas (70 miles south of the Monument) lies the Mexican city of Agua Prieta, Sonora, with its many interesting curio shops and quaint Old-World charm. American citizens, entering Mexico for one day only, need no passport or other permit, but non-citizens should discuss the matter with United States immigration authorities before crossing the line and so avoid any difficulty that might attend their re-entry into the United States.

Further information concerning this fascinating Arizona vacation area, may be had by writing the Custodian, Chiricahua National Monument, Dos Cabezas, Arizona; or the Chamber of Commerce, at Tucson.

First Herald

Linnie F. Robinson

The old, old lady held the child
Close to the pane where the rain beat down;
And they stared at the rivulets running swift
On the dark and sodden ground.

Then, looking closer, they saw some green,
Scarce more than a blade of grass;
The babe smiled as at a bauble seen,
But a miracle to the other had come to pass.

The Preparation and Serving of Food for Large Gatherings

Frank D. Arnold

Sanitarian R. S., Salt Lake City, Utah, Health Department

CHURCH dinners and picnics have long been recognized as an important means of raising funds and promoting sociability. We, as Latter-day Saints, are frequently called upon to assist in the preparation and serving of dinners and other meals under a variety of circumstances. It may be a supper in the recreation hall, a picnic in the canyon, refreshments at a dance, or any one of a number of other events common within the activities of our Church.

The preparation and serving of food to large numbers are often undertaken by the members of the Relief Society. Feeding large numbers of people presents problems never encountered in feeding a family. Even the best of cafes and restaurants must be continually alert for a breakdown in standards of cleanliness and sanitation. Precautions can usually be incorporated into food planning without additional expense. Whether the food is prepared in the home, in the ward kitchen, or elsewhere, certain safeguards should be taken.

Proper refrigeration is a must for safe food. Many cases of food poisoning and related diseases are directly traceable to improper refrigeration. Harmful bacteria or germs grow very rapidly at room temperature. They have a special liking for foods that are commonly served at social meals—chicken and turkey salads, a variety of ham dishes, dairy products, creamed foods, and custard desserts. These foods should be kept at temperatures under 50 degrees F. Never let such foods stand at room temperature more than an hour.

Dishes and utensils must be clean and free from germs. Every dish, every glass, and every utensil should be washed and disinfected. If possible, dishwashing should begin as soon as the first course is completed. Silver, glasses, and dishes should be separated at the serving tables or in the dishwashing area. All dishes should be scraped before being passed to dishwashers. Plenty of soap or detergent should be used. Water should be hot as the hands can stand. It should be changed frequently.

After washing, all dishes should be rinsed in hot water at 180 degrees. This is hotter than the hand can stand, therefore, a wire tray or other container should be used for immersing the dishes. A second and equally satisfactory method of killing bacteria involves the use of chemical disinfectants such as the common household bleaches and other chlorine products. These substances can be added in small quantities to the warm rinse water. Dishes should be free of soap before being immersed in the chemical rinse. One tablespoon of household bleach in each gallon of rinse water will be

sufficient. Ten gallons of water require approximately one teacup of sanitizing solution.

IF space and facilities permit, dishes should be allowed to air dry; otherwise, care must be taken to use plenty of dry, clean towels.

Paper service may often solve your clean-up problems. Paper cups, dishes, plates, containers of all types, paper tablecloths, and napkins are obtainable in a wide variety of sizes and patterns.

All food stored or displayed should be protected from dirt particles. Dishes, glasses, and utensils must also be protected from dust, insects, and other contamination between periods of use. If possible, they should be stored on covered shelves or in cupboards with doors. If they are stored for long periods they should be rinsed before use.

Personal cleanliness is an important factor in preventing the spread of disease by food. Clean hands are essential. Pick up spoons, knives, forks and cups by their handles; dishes by their rims; and glasses by the base. Never let your fingers touch milk, water, soup, butter, ice, meat, or dessert. Hair should be covered with a hairnet, a cap, or other restraining devices. White aprons or uniforms may be a worthwhile investment for the ward kitchen.

Persons who have a cold or other catching diseases should not be allowed to prepare or serve food.

All foods served must be clean and wholesome. Milk should be pasteurized. Meat should be from inspected sources. Vegetables and fruit must be clean. Bakery products should never be stale. Care must be taken that the water used is clean and pure.

Foods should be thoroughly cooked. Intense heat destroys bacteria and other parasites. This is especially important with pork products. After the food is cooked, hot foods should be kept hot until served. If you use a steam table, do not let the temperature drop below 145 degrees F.

Floor surfaces should be cleaned regularly. The good, old-fashioned broom is still best for sweeping and for chasing the dirt out of the corners. The use of a sweeping compound, or water lightly sprinkled on areas to be swept, will keep dust down to a minimum.

Refuse and waste of all kinds should be disposed of properly. Refuse, especially garbage, which is allowed to accumulate may soon constitute a fly or rodent nuisance. The method of disposal may vary from grinding by mechanical disposals to burying in the case of some outdoor picnics. Be prompt and be thorough in waste removal. The condition inside a kitchen may often be reflected by the conditions outside and around the kitchen. All garbage containers should be covered with tight-fitting lids.

THE fundamentals of clean food service should be applied wherever food is prepared, stored, or served. Apply these principles to your everyday activities to insure more healthful living for the entire family, and apply them when you are called to assist in the food service of your ward or stake.

TIPS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR MORE SUCCESSFUL MEATS

These hints for simplifying and speeding planning, preparation, and service have been gathered from authorities in the field of large-scale food service. Many are based on engineering and efficiency studies conducted by institutions and restaurants. You will find that if you follow these suggestions all your tasks will be easier and, more than probably, your meal will be a success.

1. Plan, buy, and delegate duties well ahead of entertainment date.
2. Keep number of committee members to the minimum necessary to get the job done. Too many "cooks" can spoil results.
3. Make careful Preparation and Service Schedules and be sure all your workers understand them.
4. Be business-like. Plan menu and calculate food costs and profits carefully.
5. Select a menu suitable to the skills of your workers and the equipment available to you.
6. Assume 3 or 4 kitchen workers for each fifty guests.
7. Assume that each waitress can handle 8 to 10 people for a sit-down meal.
8. Arrange kitchen so you have a center for each type of work—preparing vegetables, salads, desserts, beverages, etc. Put all foods, pans, spoons, ladles, serving dishes required for the task at each center.
9. Reduce long reaches at work centers wherever possible by bringing materials and supplies close into working area.
10. Try to have work surfaces of convenient heights so that neither stooping nor stretching will be necessary.
11. Try to have the best equipment, such as good knives, scoops, chopping boards, slicing machines, etc.
12. Make certain pots and pans used for cooking are large enough.
13. Don't crowd roasting pans or fill cooking pots over three-fourths full.
14. Keep all perishables in refrigerator until the last moment before serving.
15. Do as much preparation work as possible in advance.
16. If possible, serve through service windows or across a Dutch door to keep waitresses out of the kitchen. One method is to put a table across the door between the kitchen and dining room and have kitchen workers place food on it to be picked up by servers.

Honeymoon Salad

Francelia Goddard

A salad whets the appetite,
It's also quite nutritious.
The little bride can manage this
And thinks it looks delicious.

She blends the golden mayonnaise
With purple cabbage shredded,
And love takes up where skill leaves off
To please her newly-wedded.

Let's Have Fish

Winnifred C. Jardine

Food Editor, *Deseret News and Telegram*

SOME of the best eating ever to be had is from fish. Delicious of flavor, tender of eating, simple of cooking, fish should be included often in any meal plans.

And not only is fish good to eat, but it is nutritious also. Fish is a high-quality protein, easy to digest. And most fish contains generous supplies of vitamins A and D; all fish are an excellent source of iodine.

Fish should be purchased only from markets where it is kept well refrigerated, even while on display. Buy only the amount needed, and buy it as near the time of use as possible.

After bringing fresh fish home, wrap it in waxed paper, and store it in the coldest part of the refrigerator until cooking time. Handle fresh fish as little as possible; handling bruises the flesh.

Store frozen fish in the freezing compartment of the refrigerator until ready to prepare. Thaw frozen fish before cooking, either by keeping in the refrigerator, but out of the freezer unit for twenty-four hours, or by leaving it at room temperature for about two hours. Be sure to cook fish as soon as it is thawed.

If possible, keep all fish from direct contact with ice; if it must be placed on ice, wrap fish carefully in waterproof paper.

There are only a few basic ways of cooking fish — baking, broiling, frying, and "boiling" or poaching. Around these can be made many delightful variations. The important thing is to cook fish until tender and thoroughly done, yet not overcooked. Fried fish should be crispy and brown, but not greasy. Baked fish should remain shapely.

Extra care must be used in planning menus around fish. Rich sauces should be used with lean fish, and acid or spicy sauces with fat fish. Mild-flavored vegetables should be combined with strong-flavored fish, well-flavored vegetables with mild fish.

Watch textures in fish meals. Serve something crusty and browned, such as French fries; and include something raw and crunchy, such as cabbage slaw.

And remember that most fish is bland in color, therefore serve bright-colored foods along with it, such as broccoli and carrots.

And now for the cooking!

To Bake Whole Fish

Rub fish generously inside and out with salt and pepper. Fill lightly with any simple stuffing, sew up with string, and place on rack in baking pan. If desired, lay fish on a piece of cheesecloth or oiled parchment paper, so that it may be lifted and transferred to a hot platter more easily without breaking.

Bake uncovered at 450°F., allowing ten to fifteen minutes per pound. Baste occasionally with melted butter or salad oil. If de-

Courtesy American Institute of Baking

STUFFED HALIBUT STEAKS

sired, protect the tail from burning by wrapping in waxed paper during baking process.

How to Bake Fish Slices

Arrange fish slices in greased baking pan, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and lemon juice, and dot with butter or margarine. Bake uncovered at 400°F. for 20 to 30 minutes, or until tender.

How to Broil Fish

Clean fish and wipe dry. Broil small fish without splitting. Split medium-sized fish down back and remove bones. Cut large fish into fillets or steaks.

Brush fish with melted butter or salad oil, sprinkle with salt and pepper, then lay on a greased broil-and-serve platter, or on a greased shallow broiler pan.

Turn over to broil and preheat 10 minutes. Place broiler pan 2 inches below source of heat and broil fish until golden brown and well done. Do not try to turn fish for broiling the second side — it is too easily broken. If fish is not thoroughly cooked by the time it is brown, place the rack in a low position in the oven and finish cooking slowly.

How to Pan-Fry Fish

Clean and wipe dry whole small fish or slices or fillets of larger ones. Roll in flour that has been seasoned with salt and pepper; cook in a small amount of shortening in a heavy frying pan until brown on both sides, turning carefully with a

spatula. Fish is done when it flakes from bone easily when tested with a fork.

How to Oven-Fry Fish

Clean pieces of fish and wipe. Dip into milk which has been salted, then into fine dry bread crumbs or finely crushed cornflakes. Arrange in well-greased shallow baking pan. Spoon a little melted butter or cooking oil over the pieces, then bake at 500°F. for 10 to 15 minutes, or until well browned and done. Serve immediately.

How to Poach or "Boil" Fish

Poached fish is cooked in liquid that is definitely below the boiling point until tender—about 10 minutes per pound. The liquid used may be water with 1 teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar added for each quart, or it may be half milk and half water. When the fish is done, some of this richly flavored broth is used for part or all of the liquid in making egg sauce or other sauce to serve with the fish.

Baked Creamed Fish Fillets

2 pounds fish fillets (cod, sole, halibut, haddock, or other)
¼ tsp. salt
dash pepper
¼ tsp. paprika
juice of 1 lemon
2 tbsp. butter or margarine
2 tbsp. flour
salt and pepper
2 tsp. dry mustard
1 c. light cream or top milk
¼ c. chopped pimiento, if desired
½ c. buttered bread crumbs
1 tbsp. minced parsley

Cut fillets in serving pieces. Place in greased, shallow baking dish; sprinkle with salt, pepper, paprika, and lemon juice. Make white sauce of butter, flour, seasoning and milk; stir in pimiento. Pour over fillets. Sprinkle with crumbs and parsley. Bake at 350°F. for 35 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

Crispy Fried Pike

6 serving-size pike fillets
sour milk
salt
biscuit mix
2 tbsp. butter
2 tbsp. shortening

Place pike fillets in a shallow pan or dish. Pour enough sour milk over fillets to cover. Allow 1 tsp. salt for each pound of fish. Let stand 20 to 45 minutes. Drain. Dip each fillet in dry biscuit mix. Melt butter and shortening in heavy skillet. Cook fish in shortening until well browned and slightly crisp on one side, turn, and repeat on second side. Makes 6 servings.

Broiled Fillets au Gratin

2 packages frozen or 3 lbs. fresh brocoli
1½ to 2 lbs. thawed quick-frozen or fresh cod or haddock fillets
2 tsp. lemon juice
2 tbsp. butter or margarine
½ c. milk
½ lb. processed American cheddar cheese, grated (2 c.)

Preheat broiler 10 minutes. Cook broccoli until just tender. Arrange fillets side by side in greased shallow baking pan. Sprinkle with lemon juice and dot with butter. Broil 2 inches below heat, without turning, 8 to 10 minutes or until easily flaked with fork but still moist. Meanwhile, in double boiler, heat milk with grated cheese until smooth sauce is formed. Transfer fish to 12x8-inch baking dish. Arrange broccoli over fish; pour sauce over all. Place low in broiler and broil until golden. Makes 6 servings.

Jellied Salmon Loaf

2 tbsp. (2 packages) unflavored gelatin
½ c. cold water
½ c. boiling water
2 c. cooked or canned salmon
2 tbsp. vinegar or lemon juice
1 c. mayonnaise
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
2 tbsp. catsup
2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
12 sliced stuffed olives

Soak gelatin in cold water. Add boiling water and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Combine with remaining ingredients and pour into loaf pan or individual salad molds. Chill until firm. Unmold and slice or serve on lettuce leaves. Serve with lemon wedges. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Maryland Deviled Crab

1 tbsp. butter
1 tbsp. flour
¾ c. light cream or top milk
1 beaten egg yolk
1 c. crab meat
1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
½ tsp. prepared mustard
½ tsp. salt
few grains pepper
1 tsp. finely chopped onion
1 tbsp. finely chopped green pepper
1 tsp. lemon juice
¼ c. buttered bread crumbs

Melt butter, stir in flour. Add cream and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add small amount of hot liquid to egg yolk, then stir egg into remaining hot mixture. Add crab meat and seasonings. Cook 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Add onion, green pepper, and lemon juice. Fill greased shells or ramekins with hot mixture. Top with buttered crumbs and sprinkle with paprika. Bake at 400°F. until crumbs are brown, about 10 minutes. Makes 4 servings. Double recipe for baking in casserole.

Stuffed Halibut Steaks

2 halibut steaks, 1-inch thick
2 c. dry bread crumbs
1 tsp. salt
2 tablespoons onion juice
¼ c. melted butter
1 tbsp. chopped parsley
1 lemon, juice and grated rind
2 cans vegetable soup

Wipe steaks clean. Combine bread crumbs, salt, onion juice, butter, parsley, and lemon juice and rind. Spread the dressing between steaks, then place stuffed steaks in a greased pan. Pour undiluted vegetable soup over steaks and bake at 350°F. for about 30 minutes.

Delicious Tartar Sauce

½ c. mayonnaise
¼ tsp. dry mustard
generous sprinkle of garlic and onion salts
1 tbsp. catsup
¼ tsp. tabasco
1 tsp. vinegar
4 or 5 minced medium stuffed olives
1 minced gherkin
2 tbsp. chopped parsley

Combine all ingredients and serve with fried, broiled, or baked fish. Makes enough sauce for 3 or 4 servings.

The Rugged Rug Hookers

Geneve Hourihan

TO the women, yes, and men, too, who have chosen rug hooking as a hobby or a vocation, the results are just the same—a beautiful product and a money saver, because many hours are needed to complete a fair-sized rug or a picture for the wall.

We attended our first class in hooking rugs over twenty years ago. This was during the depression days, when one was supposed to make something-from-nothing or make-do with what you had. We made our own frames from pieces of scrap lumber, our hooks were made from a nail driven into a handle, carved by hand out of a block of wood; the head of the nail was cut off with a hacksaw and filed to make a hook. The material used, preferably wool, was generally out of scrap bags, and believe me, they were very lean in those days. The rugs were hooked on burlap, originally a bag that had been carefully washed, starched a little, and the design drawn on with crayola, then lightly gone over with a warm iron to set the design. We cut the strips of material by hand about one-third of an inch wide. The proof of the sturdiness of these rugs is the fact that many of them are still in use.

As time went by, the bad times turned to good, but not for long. The second world war came along and wool material for rug making was again hard to get. We found the salvage stores stocked old wool clothing, but we did not purchase wearable garments to cut up, unless we found a certain number of moth holes in them. No one ever looked so gleefully for moth holes, as the women did in those days. Needless to say, the rugs hooked during this trying time didn't wear too well.

The known history of rug hooking in Utah goes a long way back. Many years ago in a sheep-raising community in Utah, the women of the Relief Society were at a loss for carpeting for the floor in one of the Church buildings.. They found a solution. After the shearing of the sheep, there was always wool left hanging onto the bushes and barb-wire fences. The women gleaned this wool. It was in such small pieces that carding was not practical, so they left it as it was, but dyed it into bright colors from dyes made from natural resources, berries, leaves, and brush—dyes which resembled those the Indians used for Navajo rugs. They hooked these small pieces of wool into a beautiful design. This carpeting is a lasting reminder of the wonderful spirit of true ingenuity and thrift.

Rug hooking is used extensively in the veterans' hospitals as a great therapeutic for the disabled. It is a wonderful pick-up for anyone. The short intervals of spare time during a busy day of a housekeeper, can be made pleasant and useful with a rug and material close by to hook on, even though it be only for a few minutes at a time.

The modern rug-making workshop of today consists of cutters or strippers, which cut strips five or more at a time and as narrow as one-eighth of an inch. The material can be bought new. In hooking flowers and other designs, one needs from six to eight shades of each color, which may be bought or dyed at home to give a spotty effect.

The current trend is the reproduction of scenes, such as Currier and Ive's prints, hooked into spectacular pictures for the wall. For our first attempt at hooking a pic-

ture, we selected one of a New England covered bridge. We hooked it in brownish red shades, with snow-tipped evergreens, a brown horse hitched to a red sleigh, snow capped mountain peaks in the background, a rustic fence, and the trees hooked in such a manner that the perspective looked like three dimensions, and so lifelike that people seeing it wanted to touch it.

Although progress has found new methods, and attractive floral and scenic patterns on burlap are readily available, rug hooking is quite an art. There is still a great deal of satisfaction in creating your own designs, and digging into the scrap bag and coming up with a useful as well as a pretty rug.

NEW ENGLAND COVERED BRIDGE

HOOKED RUG MADE BY GENEVE HOURIHAN

The rug was made in a pattern taken from a photograph of a New England covered bridge. Wool material cut in one-eighth inch strips was used to make the rug. It was hooked in weather-beaten red and brown shades, repeating the browns in the trees and fences. The evergreens, of course, were in green, snow-capped. The field stone underpinnings were toned in shades of gray. The picture does not show the different shades of color used to distinguish the mountains from the sky. The little houses in the distance were made in bright red, capped with snow. The little brook was done in gray and aqua shades. The sleigh was bright red, the horse brown, with a black harness. Mother and Father, in the sleigh, were dressed in gay colors, and the robe over them was bright green.

Garden Accents

Elizabeth Williamson

MOST gardens are lovely to look at, borders of well-kept flowers and shrubs, paths leading to a summerhouse or pool. But how often do your friends exclaim as they are walking down these paths, except to give the ordinary compliments of "How lovely, how pretty, so orderly!" These remarks are like a stew without seasoning, good, but not very exciting.

With a few unexpected accents in your garden, you will watch your friends stop short and say "What a delightful surprise! I didn't know you had a flair for such things."

With a little ingenuity and planning, accent spots can be made, and you can have much pleasure and satisfaction in designing and making them.

A Miniature Pool

A small pool may be made from a big rock which has a natural depression or it may be a small, bean-shaped pool made of cement. The pool may be placed in a group of azaleas, surrounded by water plants and grasses, papyrus, miniature bamboo, or a bit of ground clover and mosses. Azaleas are especially suitable because they like the shade and filtered sunlight, and the shady places in your garden need the most accents. Otherwise, they often go unnoticed.

An Unusual Border

In a shady border, a patch of brilliant yellow flowers may be backed by gray succulents, dusty millers, Artemisias, and wormwood.

Geraniums

Three huge pots of bright pink geraniums may be placed at the corner of the garage.

A Bird Bath

Use a small concrete or stone bird bath or statue as the center of interest in one of your borders. Put in a ground cover of Ajuga or creeping thyme and add ferns of different heights to build up to a grouping of low pines or dwarf maples.

Begonias

Pale pink begonias seem to belong under an old oak tree. They give a nice accent to the gray-brown texture of the tree trunk.

Azaleas

Azaleas can be used in rows of color. Starting with white, add rows of lavender, pale magenta, deep purple, pale pink, rose, red, flame, and deep red. The effect is dramatic and is noticed instantly, whereas a mixture of colors may do nothing at all to our color perception.

Ward Linton

PATIO IN MEXICAN COLONIAL STYLE

Note the garden accents of potted plants and hanging basket. The unusual pool matches the shape of the patio and its design as well.

Multiple Hobbies Help Mary Hilda Smith to Make Others Happy

MARY Hilda Smith, a member of the Houston Second Ward Relief Society, in the Houston (Texas) Stake, uses her many creative hobbies to make others happy and to fill her life with useful handicrafts. She makes rugs and quilts, bedspreads and tablecloths, afghans, and many articles of unusual and exquisite crochet designs. The hooked rugs at the left in the picture are of strikingly attractive design and workmanship, but they are unique for other reasons as well. Mrs. Smith sheared the sheep, carded the wool, dyed the yarn, and then hooked these beautiful rugs.

Many people who appreciate handicrafts and fine workmanship visit the Smith home to see the articles which both Mr. and Mrs. Smith have made to beautify their home. The table at the left in the picture was made by Mr. Smith from the glass bowl of a gasoline pump. He also made another table from a handmade bread tray given to Mrs. Smith's mother as a wedding gift. Mrs. Smith makes many beautiful articles for the Relief Society bazaars, and among other gifts, she donated an exquisite Dresden-plate quilt. A convert to the Church, she is an outstanding Relief Society worker and is loved and admired by all who know her.

Where Sweets Are

Maryhale Woolsey

Plant a row of clover anywhere;
In blossomtime the golden bees will find it.
Or spill some sugar; ants will soon be there.
Unerring instinct seems to mastermind it.

Should it be wrong or strange, if children are
As quick and sure to reach the cookie jar?

There Is Still Time

Chapter 2

Margery S. Stewart

Synopsis: Elizabeth Anderson is disturbed by a strange dream in which she sees herself and her friends walking on crutches which crumble away. She tells the dream to Brent, her husband, and explains to him that something is lacking in their family life, a spiritual oneness. Brent, however, is so interested in making money, that he has no wish to understand Elizabeth's plea. Returning from an early morning drive to the beach, Elizabeth sees the Los Angeles Temple under construction, and the building seems to symbolize her aspirations and her longing for a more complete life.

ELIZABETH sat down on the unfinished temple steps. She had children who received the highest grades in their classes and were spiritual illiterates. A snatch from an overheard conversation ran through her mind.

"What are you supposed to be, Donna? Daniel in the lion's den?"

Donna emerging from her blanket, "Who was Daniel? Who was Daniel, Johnny?"

Johnny, loftily, "Some guy in history who got into a den of lions, of course."

Donna ecstatically, "What happened to him?"

"They ate him, of course. What a dummy!"

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." But all her friends were doing such a wonderful job with their youngsters . . . such lovely manners, sometimes anyway, such clean little bodies . . . such attention to abstract ideas of social consciousness.

Elizabeth stood up. She had picked up a stone and she weighed it in her hand. Then, why was it that they were having such trouble with their youngsters when they reached their teens? Jean's boy, Lynn, now . . . stealing cars . . . when he had only to ask to have one of his own . . . thrills they wanted. Betty's beautiful little daughter Ann . . . just sixteen . . . and . . . Elizabeth shuddered. What could you feed a growing child to still the hunger in his heart, to put his feet in careful paths. She had waited all this time for Brent.

Brent hadn't liked to go to meeting. It had held no charm for him. His quick, seeking mind had been always on a monetary goal which he pushed up from year to year as he ascended closer to his heart's desire. And I, thought Elizabeth, felt inadequate to try and train the children, so I have done nothing either.

Let me be honest with myself . . . . I waited because it didn't mean enough to me . . . . I didn't know how to begin. I leaned on Brent . . . wanted him to start me. But she knew, suddenly, that the time was long wasted and the hour bitterly short. But how could she go home to four wise young faces and say, "I'm going to start teaching you about God?" How could she teach, when she, herself, was ignorant?

Haun's Mill . . . Nauvoo . . .

Carthage . . . the names stood up tall in her mind. Elizabeth threw the stone away from her and turned toward the car. They would all simply have to learn together.

THE children were at breakfast when she came in. They sighed audibly with relief.

"I was just about ready to call the police. What an idiotic thing to do, go tearing off when it's still dark." Brent's voice was harsh with worry.

"You took my car!" Elaine lifted accusing eyes.

Johnny glowered. "You went on an adventure without us."

"You left me alone!" Donna wailed, "all . . . all alone. I could have been kidnapped."

"Such a tender homecoming," Elizabeth said acidly. The morning's mood was abruptly shattered. The usual biting irritation took possession of her. "Johnny! Your hands!"

Brent tossed a letter to her. "Read that if you will." He pushed his plate away. "What a day! It's starting out like all the others . . . except I had no sleep."

Elizabeth picked up the letter. She read it swiftly. It was from David, Brent's brother. "Does he mean he is actually telling your mother to leave his house?"

Brent scowled. "After all the money I've paid him to take care of her. Now he's making money hand over fist and wants me to take her."

"Brent!"

He slammed down his napkin. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that. You know yourself our house is too small. We've no room. Mother and I never did get on well together. David was always her pet."

Elizabeth folded the letter over and over. "I'll put Johnny downstairs in the rumpus room. Elaine, you and Jennie can share her room."

Shrieks of fury rose from Elaine and cries of delight from Jennie. "Ha . . . ha, smartie! You're not going to be so big any more."

Elaine's tears flowed freely. "I'd rather die than have to live with her and her frogs and worms and . . . and crickets."

Elizabeth covered her ears. "All right! All right! I'll move Donna in with Jennie, and you can have Donna's room."

More shrieks and moans resounded.

Brent pounded on the table. "Silence!" He glared at Elizabeth. "You see how it is now . . . before she's even come. Think of the madhouse when she gets here. You know Mother. She's got to have her finger in every pie and her own say so about every situation. We can't do it. It's too much."

Elizabeth was silent until he was finished, and the children turned to her questioningly.

"I want to do it, Brent." She was surprised at the firmness of her voice when inside she felt so weak. "I want to do something that is hard and right to do." She looked at the children. " 'Honour thy father and thy mother.' Those are more than words. They are meanings on meanings."

Brent stared at her open-mouthed. "You'll never make it," he said at last, but much of his force was gone. "Just take it from me, you'll never make it."

"But I can try?"

"Sure, you can try, but . . . ."

Elizabeth turned back to the children. "We'll all have to open our hearts a little wider, as well as our house. Are you willing?"

"Why . . . yes." Elaine looked a little dazed.

"Sure." Johnny was eager.

Brent looked at his watch. "Got to be going. What's come over you, Eliza?"

She lifted her face for his kiss. "I've got some muscles to strengthen . . . moral fibre . . . Granddad would call it."

THERE was a little silence when he had gone. The youngsters finished their breakfasts.

"I gotta go now," Johnny said. "Promised Nick I'd meet him at the playground." He squirmed out of his chair.

"Wait." Elizabeth wet her lips. "Sit down a minute, Johnny. Don't go, the rest of you."

"Aw, gosh!" Johnny slid back into his place.

Elizabeth lifted her eyes to them. Her voice was low and gentle, "What do you know about God?" she asked.

The children were embarrassed and silent.

She turned to Elaine appealingly. "You should know something . . . you went to Sunday School."

"When I was six," Elaine said scornfully. "Should I remember from when I was six?"

"He lives in the sky . . . " Donna ventured. "Marion told me that he does."

"They had a real good play about him once on TV. It was at Easter time." Johnny twisted about in his chair. "Remember? I asked you about him then . . . only you were too busy."

"I'm sorry," Elizabeth said. "I was wrong. I want to teach you about him now. I thought we'd start with his Son. I'll tell you about his birth . . . and . . . and we'll go on from there."

"Aw, I heard it a'ready . . . at Christmas at school," said Jennie. "I'm going to get my guns."

Elizabeth said very clearly. "You will remain in your place until I have finished speaking . . . and . . . we've said our prayers."

"Prayers!" They stole glances at one another.

"Prayers," said Elizabeth firmly. "But now I'll start with the story."

She told it quietly, trying to remember every part of it, the manger, the star, the shepherds . . . Mary . . . "About Elaine's age she was, set apart, gentle, gentle as a dove and radiant . . . carrying under her heart the promise of all the generations that had been and all that were yet to come."

They listened raptly, the room was very still.

". . . and Joseph was warned in a dream and fled away into Egypt with the little, new baby and Mary, his mother, and the cruel king did not find him, however thirstily he hunted."

They were all silent when she finished, the deep hush still on them. Elizabeth slipped to her knees and after an awkward moment the children followed her. Her prayer was short and stumbling. Then she rose and began to gather up the dishes. The children stole

away. Donna came to kiss her and Elaine hesitated beside her.

"Are you going to do this every day?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth strongly, but her knees trembled.

"I just wondered. I think it's awfully good for Donna and Jennie and Johnnie."

"Do you really? You'll help me, then?"

Elaine gave one of her brief, dazzling smiles. "I certainly will. Goodbye now, I've got a date to play tennis with Bill."

"Bill Barker?" Elizabeth could not keep the concern out of her voice.

Defiance flared up in Elaine's lovely dark eyes. "So? What's wrong with Bill Barker?"

"Darling . . . I've heard things."

"All right. You've heard things. Point me out a perfect boy around here. You know them all. A person has to have somebody."

"You'll be home around twelve?"

Elaine flounced away. "Yes, I'll be here. Honestly, the way people around here keep tabs on a person."

Matilda waddled in. "Here, I'll clear up the table, Miss Anderson."

"No, I'll finish. I wanted you to work on the upstairs."

"You want I should change the rooms around?"

Elizabeth threw up her hands in defeat. "I guess there isn't much around here you don't know about, Matilda."

"I can get my Jim to carry the beds around."

"An excellent idea."

Matilda hesitated. "Is she peaceful like? Your mother-in-law?"

Elizabeth sorted the silver. She chuckled. "Grandma Anderson weighs just one hundred pounds . . . all of it energy. She likes to work, and she likes to talk . . . and she rather likes taking charge of things."

Matilda smoothed her apron. "Not of my kitchen she don't." She scowled. "I been in homes where they is too many bosses."

"We love you," said Elizabeth, her heart sinking as the picture of a long line of replacements flashed before her mind, "but you're free as air, you know that."

"I know that," maintained Matilda stoutly, "I just want to make sure that you knows that."

IT was on a September morning that Grandma Anderson moved in. She came by plane, courtesy of David, wearing an orchid, gift of her daughter, Alice, and began talking from the top step of the stairs they moved against the plane.

". . . Upon my soul and body, I never was so scared! They shouldn't let these things off the ground . . . ."

Elizabeth could only catch phrases as she moved down the stairs, a tiny little woman with short curly white hair under a black sailor. She tried to hold on to her purse and gather all four grandchildren in her arms at once. Her glasses tipped askew, her hat rocked back, and her purse opened and spilled its contents.

"Mother! For pity's sakes!" Brent got down on hands and knees to retrieve pennies and nickels and mints and pencils.

"Oh, Brent, that was clumsy of me . . . . Well, as I was saying . . . Brent, you're too thin . . . much too thin . . . ."

She turned this way and that, peering up into their faces, her words tumbling over each other. "I hear you have a cook now, Elizabeth. Fancy that! The talk of Beaver. Johnny looks peaked, too." She took her grandson's face in her hands, looked accusingly from him to Elizabeth. "It's just a good thing that I came, that's all I have to say." She seized upon Elaine. "Prettiest thing I ever saw . . . all Anderson . . . every bit of her."

Brent protested, laughing. "She's the spit and image of Elizabeth at her age, and you know it."

Elizabeth met Brent's meaningful glance calmly. She would not be ruffled by Grandma Anderson. Perhaps, she thought, she believes I'm her enemy. Perhaps she's been conjuring pictures up in her mind all the way down here of cruel things I'll do to her. How do I know what goes on in the mind of a little old lady, who's been pushed out of one son's house?

Brent took his mother firmly by the arm, led her to the car. "We're having a dinner tonight, Mother, a lot of people whose friendship I really need. Watch it, will you?"

"A big dinner!" Grandma Anderson was instantly atwitter. "Well, you know how I love company! Maybe I could bake up a pie or two . . . nothing like homemade apple pie, I always say."

Brent opened his mouth, his face darkening, but Elizabeth rushed into the tiny pause. "What a wonderful idea, but I was saving you to help me with the flowers. No one has a touch quite like yours."

For an instant Grandma Anderson faltered, pleased and flushed. "Well, I declare, I'm glad to hear someone admit it. Honestly, the way people poke flowers into vases chills my blood . . . I declare it chills my blood."

"Chills my blood," Johnny repeated under his breath. Elizabeth saw his face grow bright with interest. He moved closer to walk beside his grandmother. His admiration was shared with equal fervor by Jennie. Donna had been captured from the start. "I get to sit by Grandma all the way home."

They drove up to drop Brent off at his office. "Goodbye, Mother." He kissed her, turned a worried frown to Elizabeth. "Remember the Ames' are coming tonight. You know his nod means I'll get that tract of homes to build."

Elizabeth tried to reassure him with a smile, unable to interrupt the steady flow from the back seat.

". . . . So I told your father, he was ten at the time, that if he ate the green apples he would get sick and get a whipping at one and the same time, and he did. Your father was one wild little Indian . . . and his report cards!" She lifted her eyes heavenward.

Johnny lifted startled eyes to his father's face. "Gee whiz! You mean Dad was just like me!"

Brent frowned. "Now remember, Mother, I don't want any part of my history related to the guests tonight. Give someone else a chance to talk."

Grandma Anderson settled her hat more firmly on her head. "Land sakes alive, Son! If people want to talk they got to fight for the privilege same as I do."

(To be continued)

Notes From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Lovell W. Smith

CENTRAL ATLANTIC STATES MISSION, WEST NORTH CAROLINA DISTRICT BAZAAR, November 19, 1955

Front row, seated, left to right: Jean P. Hyder, President, Royal Pines Branch; Mamie Crisson, President, Marion Branch; Kathleen White, President, Gastonia Branch; Grace Bradley, President, Cherokee Branch; Helen Dibbens, First Counselor, West North Carolina District; Myrtle Dixon, President, West North Carolina District; Irene Dixon, Secretary-Treasurer, West North Carolina District; Ruth Wilson, President, Statesville Branch; Mary Snead; Sister Thompson, Cherokee Branch.

Sister Myrtle Dixon reports: "This was the first activity for the district as a whole. Each Relief Society in the district had its own display booth and displayed many lovely articles. Especially outstanding was the display of our good Lamanite sisters from Cherokee, who were organized about a year ago. Sister Helen Dibbens, the district work meeting supervisor, was in charge of the bazaar. The Relief Society district presidency served approximately one hundred twenty-five people to a turkey dinner."

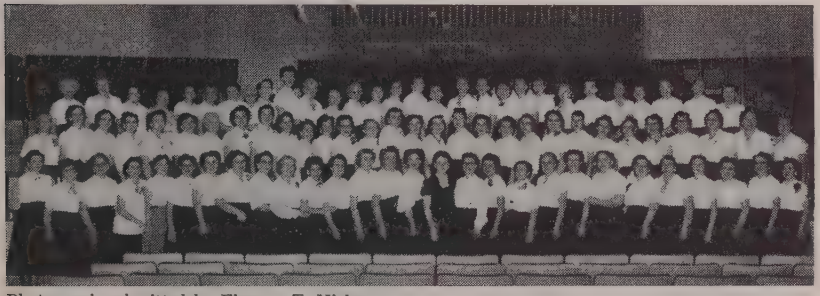
Lovell W. Smith is president of the Central Atlantic States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by June Baggett

REDONDO STAKE (CALIFORNIA) RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS READY TO BOARD THE TRAIN FOR RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL CONFERENCE
September 27, 1955

Left to right: Kathryn Squire, Education Counselor; Nanna Ord, *Magazine* representative; Elna Bybee, chorister; June Baggett, President; Martha Green, Work Director Counselor; Lenna Cowdell, Secretary; Ada Nelson, work meeting leader; Norma Greene, literature class leader.

Sister Baggett reports: "The theology class leader, Florence Ferguson and the social science leader did not go with this group, but did attend conference. Zenneth Johnson, organist, was unable to go because of illness. We had eleven enrolled and ten attended the conference."



Photograph submitted by Eleanor T. Nielsen

BEN LOMOND STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC AT STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, IN THE NEW TABERNACLE
November 1955

The chorister, Marion Hadley, stands sixteenth from the left in the front row (wearing dark dress); Lettice Rich, the organist, stands third from the right in the front row.

The following wards are represented in this chorus: Ogden Twenty-ninth, Fortieth, and Forty-eighth; North Ogden First and Second Wards; and the Pleasant View Ward.

Eleanor T. Nielsen, President, Ben Lomond Stake Relief Society, comments: "This photo was taken in the new tabernacle, and we feel it an honor to have been asked to sing in such a wonderful edifice."

Photograph submitted by Elaine B. Curtis

COTTONWOOD STAKE (UTAH), HOLLADAY SECOND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESENTS QUILT TO BISHOP

Left to right: Flora J. Gibbs, Work Director Counselor; Emma Jean J. Duke, President; Bishop George Richard Hill; Maxine L. Cook, quilting chairman; Peart S. Ashton, Employment Placement Counselor; LaPreal R. Martindale, Secretary-Treasurer.

This lovely quilt, with more than six hundred names embroidered in its pattern, was presented to Bishop Richard Hill and his wife Melba P. Hill, at the climax of a successful bazaar.

Elaine B. Curtis is president of Cottonwood Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Rhoda Thorpe

HYRUM STAKE (UTAH), MILLVILLE WARD VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE ACHIEVED A ONE-HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR TWO YEARS

Front row, seated, left to right: Ramona Jessop returned missionary; Delilah Larson; Etta Jenson; Hidvie Anderson; Marion Jessop; Katie Pehrson; Donna Scott; Leah Humphreys.

Second row, seated, left to right: Leone Garr; Aloma Hammond; Loretta Anderson; Hannah Iverson; Martha Hale; Mary Nielson; Viola Hill; Thelma Jessop; Helen Monson.

Back row, standing, left to right: May Jessop; Jenny Hovey; Alta Jessop; Verla Olson; Elva Vogel; Dorella Bott; Florence Olson; Norma Monson; Connie Knowles; Jane Jessop; May Pehrson; Nona Shaffer.

Rhoda Thorpe is president of Hyrum Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Leona P. Boyce

NORTH TOOELE STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, November 1955

Front row, seated, left to right: Evelyn Teetsell, chorister; Mable Bryan, organist; Ruth Bird, First Counselor; Leona Boyce, President, North Tooele Stake Relief Society; Maud Groscost, Second Counselor; Delpha Hall, Secretary.

Photograph submitted by Marteal W. Hendricks

WEST CENTRAL STATES MISSION, CASPER FIRST AND SECOND BRANCHES SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR WYOMING DISTRICT CONFERENCE, December 11, 1955

Front row, seated, left to right: Catherine Hein; Rhea White; Loretta Durbin; Beth Davis, District Relief Society President; Marteal H. Hendricks, President, West Central States Mission Relief Society; Helen Madson, chorister; Hazel Loomis, accompanist.

Second row, left to right: June Stanley; Mary Dalton; Dona Marie Lallatin; Yvonne Morgan; Lois Lowham; Sophronia Bertignole; Velma Birch; Evelyn Mangus; Jean Piorot.

Third row, left to right: Doris Williams; Lucille Egley; Gloria Meyers; Verda Larimore; Bernice Hunter; Beth Burnett; Leola McClellan; Geneva Drollinger; Sue Jergen.

Photograph submitted by Florence C. Christiansen

BLACKFOOT STAKE (IDAHO), BLACKFOOT FIRST WARD VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE ACHIEVED A ONE-HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR FIVE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS

Front row, seated, left to right: Lottie Tanner, Counselor; Mattie Miles, President; Lena Brown, Counselor; Verda Stoddart, Secretary.

Florence C. Christiansen is president of Blackfoot Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Opal W. Broadbent

LYMAN STAKE (WYOMING) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, October 30, 1955

Nancy Stevens, chorister, stands at the left on the first row; Ida Taylor, organist, stands at the right on the first row.

Photograph submitted by Emily S. Romish

WEST POCATELLO STAKE (IDAHO), TWENTIETH WARD OFFICERS AND TEACHERS CONDUCT FOOD AND RUMMAGE SALES

Front row, seated, left to right: Deaun Weed, Secretary; Elva Jenks, Education Counselor; Ruth Hinckley, President; Alice Olsen, Work Director Counselor; LaVon Bower, work meeting leader.

Back row, standing, left to right: Ruth Thacker, visiting teacher message leader; Grace Lewis, *Magazine* representative; Barbara Hendrickson, literature class leader; Julia Robbins, social science class leader; Levon Dalton, theology class leader; Marie McCullock, chorister; Rosalie Talbot, organist.

This ward organization reports a most successful activity program: "The new Twentieth Ward Relief Society began functioning in January 1954, with fifty-four members on the initial roll. Now, at the beginning of 1956, there are seventy members enrolled. The highest attendance at one time was fifty-four women and forty-two children. We employ a baby sitter regularly. The organization has forty visiting teachers who have maintained one-hundred per cent records for several months. Also, the Singing Mothers, a group of sixteen, have performed beautifully.

"Our activities have been numerous and joyous, to name some: several cooked food sales and rummage sales have been sufficiently successful to finance us through each year . . . . Through the year each woman in our ward received a card on her birthday. Our welfare dinners, storehouse assignments, quilts, and other activities have added to our experiences. At present our ward meets in a building a mile and a half from our homes, so our transportation problem has hindered our attendance. Our ward families are young couples with small children, so our efforts in this work have seemed great accomplishments and choice experiences that have united us in a true sisterhood."

Emily S. Romish is president of West Pocatello Stake Relief Society.

Comfort

Ida Isaacson

The corner that you choose to weep in
Seems solitary, bare;
But you are not alone, my dear,
For God is near, and understands despair.

Easter

Three Part Choruses for Women's Voices

Calvary—Rodney	.22
Christ, the Lord, Is Ris'n Today—Erb	.16
God So Loved the World—Stainer	.12
Hosanna—Granier	.20
Hosanna! Blessed Is He—Marryott	.18
Hymn For Easter—Templeton	.20
Legende—Tschaikowsky	.20
Message of the Bells—Pohlmann	.20
Our Christ Has Risen—Connor	.25
The Palms—Faure	.22
Unfold, Ye Portals—Gounod	.14

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Put on Your Gay Sunbonnet

Jennie E. Graham

AT Grandfather's death we left the farm in the Wasatch Valley and moved to Provo, Utah, in a very dignified part of the city. But Grandmother, bless her heart, put on her sunbonnet and went calling on the doctor's wife and the lawyer's wife. She was so quaint and sweet and soon had the neighborhood friendly. They watched for her sunbonnet as she hung out her clothes on a Monday morning, and, if they did not see it, they would call to see if she were ill.

When she was asked to go Relief Society teaching and walk long blocks, as we did not own a car, and she was in her late sixties, I thought it rather difficult for her. But when Grandmother was ill and could not go teaching each month, young married men would come to the door and ask how she was. They came early in the morning so they could take the word back to their wives before they left for work. They said they had missed her, and she had made a place in their hearts with her smile and had helped them so much rearing their little families. (Grandmother had had sixteen babies of her own and had found room to take me, a wee granddaughter, into her home and heart at the death of my mother.) The men said they always made it a point to be home when she would be coming. Then I knew how wise the officers had been in choosing her for a Relief Society visiting teacher.

How well I remember how worried she was on her return from one of her visiting teacher trips. One sister who lived across the street from the chapel felt she could not attend the Relief Society meeting as she washed on Mondays and ironed on Tuesdays, and it would upset her household too much.

Grandmother felt the sister should go, as the lessons were on child care and, as a young mother, she could make the very best use of the material. So, after Grand-

mother had thought and worried about it for a few days, she solved the problem by sending me to watch the children and do the ironing while the mother attended Relief Society meeting.

One spring when school was out after I had been teaching in Southern Utah, one of the other teachers said she must be all packed and ready to go home as soon as her mother came for her, as they had to be back in Provo for a very special meeting.

As the family arrived, we teachers all pitched in to help load the car and get them off, and as we worked we visited. The mother said it was a Relief Society meeting which was to be held that night in the Fourth Ward of Provo, and she was to be put in as Relief Society president. But there was only one thing she wished, and that was that the dear sister who had helped her to attend Relief Society could be there, so she could thank her for the joy and happiness that she had found while working in the society. She went on to tell us that the sister had even sent someone to tend the children and do her ironing so she could go to her first meeting, as she thought she could not upset her family, as she washed on Mondays, and ironed on Tuesdays. Then she added, "And I am so ashamed now when I think of it, for I only lived across the street from the chapel."

When she said her visiting teacher's name was Sister Lindsay, I told her she was speaking of my Grandmother, Sarah A. Lindsay, and that I was the granddaughter she had sent to do the ironing and watch the children on that first day.

We had a good cry, and she said, "Oh, if she could only be here tonight to see me made president of the Fourth Ward Relief Society, and I could thank her for this wonderful blessing that has come into my life, this happiness that is mine because one dear sister was willing to take her visiting teacher calling to heart and do such a good job."

Oh, how we have missed that gingham sunbonnet through the years. Many of her neighbors have asked for the pattern of her sunbonnet.

There has never been a more faithful member of royalty wearing a golden crown who has done more sincere work for her "King" than this daughter of Zion who wore with such a sweet smile a gingham sunbonnet.

Return

Christie Lund Coles

I sought the place again,
Where my youth ran,
But the road so spacious then
Was but a rod's span;

The steeple and the old,
Time-rusted bell,
Were little like the tall
Memory I knew well;

The fingered apple tree
Beside whose root
My lips once tasted sweet
Bore meager fruit;

And yet, the poplared street
By which I came
Was silver in the sun, and
Caught my breath the same.

Helping Hands

Della Adams Leitner

The little hands so helpless
That clasp your own today;
The little feet uncertain
That trust your leading way—

You feel in their dependence
Responsibility
To guide them and protect them
Till they are strong and free.

The years are swift in passing—
Like reels of film they go;
Time comes when aging footsteps
Are tottering and slow;

It may be in that distance
When your own strength shall fail
These hands will keep you steady
Along life's sunset trail.

The Home on the Hill

Alyce O. Nelson

I heard today that the house on the hill is being torn down and carried away. Just as fast as I could, I walked to the place that was my home.

The path to the house was overgrown with weeds; the grass was trying hard to cover the spots that were dry; and yet, around the edges, the daffodils were poking their golden heads through, as they had always done this time of the year.

I looked to find a certain tree, but there was only a stump. Where were the limbs and branches, especially the one that had grown just for the purpose of holding a swing? I visualized the rope, with knot tied tightly, that held us when we went high into the air.

I tried to find the pansy bed and the sweet-smelling violets. They used to be by the lilac bush—but that was withered and dry. I walked to the side door, just to see if on the porch there might be a tricycle, bicycle, or a little red wagon with a reading on the side, "Big Ben." In such a wagon we used to scoot down the hill, but it was not there.

Through the glass in the window, I saw my mother setting the table. She was humming a tune. It would not be long now until Father would be home from his work. I remember his face always wore a smile and he had a pat on the shoulder for me and my brother — a kiss for my mother and sister Sue.

The old-fashioned parlor looked the same, and there was the fireplace; the embers from the coals beckoned me to come and sit, as we used to do in the days of long ago. So many things, I imagined, were just the same—the horsehair sofa, with a chair on each side, the platform rocker where Mother rocked us and sang sweet lullabies.

In the center of the room there was a marble-topped table, an album with pictures of relatives, and an old-fashioned hanging lamp that was the pride of us all, which shed such a mellow light when it was pulled down low. I could see the walls lined with enlarged pictures, the faces sober, never a smile; Grandfather so stern, Grandmother so frail and small.

Just then there was a bang and a loud noise. The wreckers shouted, "Out of the way!" But I had to hurry upstairs to see the bedrooms.

The largest room belonged to Father and Mother; the little room to the right was mine; across the hall my brother slept. That room was a joy to me as I used to sneak in to see the maps which hung on the wall. The books on the table and the round ball of the earth were all mysteries to me.

The prettiest room was my sister's; white Swiss curtains that blew so far with each gentle breeze that came when the windows were lifted high. Everything was dainty. I could see my sister sitting there at the dresser brushing her shining yellow hair.

As I stood wondering, a workman shouted for me to get out of the way, to leave before the roof fell in.

I had to hurry down the stairs, out the front door. They could tear the house down, carry it all away, but they could not take all these memories from me—for this dear old house and the place where it stood will always be "Home, Sweet Home" to me.

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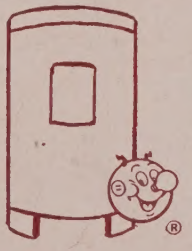

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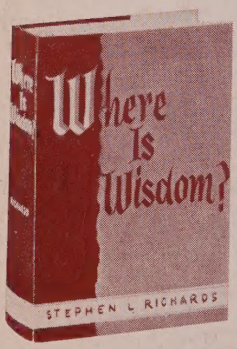

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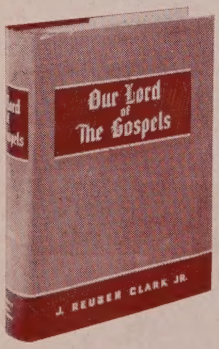

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